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(The Easter Number of the Quarterly Series.)

## LIST OF CHAPTERS :—

PREFACE BY CANON BEDINGFIELD.

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CHAPTER II.—How she struggles for a long time against her vocation, but is wonderfully confirmed by the Blessed Virgin.

CHAPTER III.—Her journey to Antwerp, and the many dangers she wonderfully escaped in the course of it.

CHAPTER IV.—Her Clothing and Noviceship, during which she is encouraged by her Angel Guardian in the practice of self-denial. She obtains the gift of prayer, and is comforted by an apparition of our Saviour.

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CHAPTER X.—The repugnance she had to declare her particular favours, which she is many times ordered to do by our Blessed Lady, who with her Son divers ways caresses her, lets her know the state of her parents in Heaven, gives her a clear sight of our Lord's Nativity, and helps her to surmount a strong temptation.

CHAPTER XI.—She is favoured again with a sight of the Order of Carmel, and beholds our Lady as in her triumphant Assumption, by whom she is clothed, girded, and crowned. She sees also the Blessed Trinity and our Lord's Humanity. And throughout the whole chapter is taught humbly to abandon herself to our Lord's disposal.

CHAPTER XII.—She sees our Lord as at His glorious Ascension, attended by eighteen souls released out of Purgatory. She is admonished how liberal our Lord is of His favours on great feasts, for which He would have His servants particularly prepare themselves. She receives also other favours and useful instructions.

CHAPTER XIII.—She is elected Subprioress, admonished of the advantages of corporal infirmities, and forewarned by our Lord of a cross which she understands to be her election as Superior, and in all He requires of her silence, patience, sufferance, and prayer.

NOTE V.—Margaret's devotion to our Lady's virtues.

CHAPTER XIV.—She speaks of the advantages of frequent Communion, and receives from our Lord instructions how to profit by it. He admonishes her to visit Him frequently in the church, and with her heart in those churches which are least frequented. Our Lord sometimes communicated her Himself, and showed her Himself in her heart, and in the hearts of all the Sisters. She saw also on different occasions saints and angels adoring the Blessed Sacrament, and our Lord pierced her heart with a little spear.

CHAPTER XV.—She sees her little sister as an angel, is favoured with a vision of some of her patrons in Heaven, and of Religious Orders. She sees also the mystery of our Lord's Incarnation, is assured of the great merit of religious vows, and instructed how to rectify her intention even in little things.

CHAPTER XVI.—How on a feast of Pentecost she was wonderfully favoured by our Blessed Lady, St. Teresa, and Mother Anne of the Ascension, who assist her in preparing herself to receive the Holy Ghost, of which she had some apparent sign in the motions of a natural dove.

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CHAPTER XVII.—She sees the state and condition of several persons then living, both present and absent. And our Lord teaches her that she is not only to receive tribulations with resignation, but even to rejoice in them. She is cast downstairs by the devil, and afterwards beaten by him on account of some narrations concerning Purgatory which are here set down.

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NOTE XV.—Circular Letter written by the Very Rev. Canon Bedingfield at the death of the Venerable Mother Margaret of Jesus (Mostyn). The original in his own handwriting is still in the possession of the community at Darlington.

APPENDIX.—A short account of the lives of Mother Ursula of All Saints (Elisabeth Mostyn), Sister Lucy of the Holy Ghost (Elisabeth Mostyn, niece of the former), Mother Margaret Teresa of the Immaculate Conception (Margaret Mostyn), and of Sister Mary Anne of St. Winefrid (Anne Mostyn).

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### *New Stonyhurst.*

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EVERY one will acknowledge that the loyal feeling of devotion and pride by which so many of the higher classes in England are animated with regard to the great public schools at which they have been educated is one of the better influences in our social system. We do not know that anything of the kind is to be found abroad—for England is the special home of great public schools. Wherever the tide of modern Revolution has flowed, we may be quite sure that all such institutions will have gone down before it. It would be difficult to analyze the feeling of which we speak. English boys are not always happy at the great schools, though unhappiness is probably a rare exception. But they are loyal to Eton, and Harrow, and Winchester, and Rugby, nevertheless. One might think that no one would ever get deeply in love with the surroundings of Westminster and the old Charterhouse; but the loyalty of the pupils of each of these schools is as great as in any other case. With many a pang, Charterhouse has migrated to the Sussex Downs; but "Old Westminsters" are not unanimous enough for the carrying out of a similar migration in the case of the dingy schools under the Abbey. Everywhere, to have been at Eton or any other great school together makes men feel as friends when they meet in after life,—sometimes after thirty or forty years, to talk over contemporaries, the greater number of whom have already passed away. Far more, the old Etonian, or Harrovian, in command of a regiment, or in some important post in the colonies or the Indian Empire, readily takes by the hand the freshest subaltern or subordinate who comes within the sphere of his authority, if he finds out that he is an alumnus of the "old school." This feeling of fraternity is one of the many bonds of union—many, but not too many—which bind the members of our society together. It is a miniature patriotism—not likely so often to come into collision with Catholic or

Christian aspirations, as the larger devotion to country or race.

It is certainly unquestionable, also, that the English Public School Education, as such, has a direct tendency to form the manly character and to prepare the future wrestlers in the struggle for honour and distinction, for the conflicts which await them. A public school boy is a member of a little world, in which he has to make his way for himself, in which there is little favouritism, in which blots are hit without mercy, in which vanity is ridiculed, pretentiousness put down, and in which each individual passes for what he is worth only, or for what he proves himself to be worth. A boy whose vanity or effeminacy or conceit emerges unsubdued from a public school will probably be a hopeless goose for the rest of his life. We are not ignorant of the many drawbacks which accompany these advantages, nor are we now making any attempt to discuss the Public School system "on its merits." We only claim for it certain results, which are desirable in themselves, whenever they can be gained without too great a counterbalance of evil—results, to a certain extent, more precious in the case of Catholics than of others, because with them the school has to discharge, or to make an attempt at discharging, a double office, part of which is really beyond its strength. When we meet in life with men who have been with us as boys at Winchester, or Eton, or Harrow, we cannot be certain that these famous *Almæ Matres* have made them the men that they are. They have had the invaluable gain of having the work of the school completed by the work of the College and the University. Nothing of this kind is as yet attainable in the case of Catholic young men: They may go through a course of philosophy at some one of our Colleges, which will make them at least as good logicians as Oxford or Cambridge might have made them. They have the opportunity, if they care to work, of gaining a familiarity with mental science and some other branches of higher knowledge which will be most useful to them in after life. But they cannot have the social training and polish which can only be got among large bodies of young men like themselves, living together in the pursuit of knowledge. The years which intervene, in the life of an ordinary English gentleman, between his leaving school and his appearance in the world as a man of finished education are lost to them in many important respects, though we are far from saying that



they are lost in all. This is an element which must never be lost sight of in any comparison which may be drawn between our Catholic young men in general and their equals in every other respect among Protestants. The difference between a man who has profited intelligently and morally by a residence of three or four years at an University, and a man who has entered on the world almost immediately after leaving school, is like the difference between a highly trained officer in a battle-field and one who has had to make his own courage and instinct supply the place of training. It must also be remembered that the existence of an University, to which schools are to lead up, affects, greatly and beneficently, the character of the schools themselves.

The Catholic College of the future will no doubt come, and even now its materials may be preparing in the growth and flourishing condition of existing institutions. The Catholic body are sure to effect this, as soon as it is possible for them to give "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together." Meanwhile, it is a matter of great thankfulness that we have a fair number of first-rate schools which perform for our body the work of the public schools for ordinary Englishmen. This is something to have to show before the first half century since Emancipation has elapsed. The depth to which they have taken root in our community is well symbolized in their external grandeur. Oscott is a noble pile. The buildings of Ushaw are magnificent. When the new plans for Downside are carried out, that institution will be housed in a home of truly Benedictine beauty and solidity. The new Stonyhurst, which is now rising to replace the old, without disturbing the continuous work of the schools, will be one of the finest educational buildings in England. Beaumont, we fear, must be content with the beauty of its grounds and its admirable arrangements. St. Edmund's College, also, has some fine points. This does not look like decay or effeteness. It is evident that the managers of these various Colleges have a faith in their future which rests on the sure foundation of success in the past. These Colleges are a power in the land: they gather to themselves the loyalty and love of their old scholars, and the fruits of their labours are discernible in every rank of Catholic society. Of course they do not pretend to any right of exclusion as to new institutions. That kind of pretension, wherever it is found, is usually a mark of conscious weakness.

But we very much question whether the old schools have any need or any desire for monopoly or "protection" of any kind. They are strong in the confidence of their Catholic countrymen, and by their fruits they are known. Nor can any one well acquainted with them be inclined to charge them with any prejudice against the adoption of improvements which are required by the altered state of knowledge, or by necessities connected with the future careers which are open to their students. It must, we think, be a hard trial to a good, sound scholar, whose mind has been formed by the training and development of its faculties, by deep study of the best models, by the habit of composition, and other old methods of education, to have to give in to the modern cramming system which has in view the success of a boy at a particular examination, the issue of which is in the main to depend on his acquaintance with a number of details in some of the shallowest departments of human knowledge. Such a trial must have been submitted to by many an accomplished scholar in our Colleges of late years, who has been conscious all the time that the new requirements are by no means calculated to serve the purposes of true education. Nevertheless, it has been undergone in Catholic Colleges to a far greater extent than in the English Public Schools, which hold their heads higher and are able more successfully to resist pressure from without.

Few Colleges have made more sacrifices to the modern spirit in the respect which has just been mentioned, than that fine old place which has now for more than eighty years been the headquarters of Jesuit teaching in England. Stonyhurst well deserves to be rebuilt, while at the same time the older and finer parts of the present (or late) College will be preserved intact. It has outgrown its state, if we may so speak, of precarious existence, when the buildings absolutely necessary for school work had to be run up, certainly, without much chance of enduring for ever. Its sons are scattered all over the English Empire, and we venture to think that all whose judgments are not warped and whose hearts are not in the wrong place have the same deep enthusiasm for it which is characteristic of the children of Eton or Harrow. The debt of a Stonyhurst man to the College which reared him is far greater than that which a Protestant can owe even to the great institutions which we have named. Nowhere but in the Catholic Church is the religious formation of the soul rightly attended to, and nowhere but



under Catholic and religious training is the true end of life set before the boy as soon as he is capable of understanding it. The best Protestant training is never free from worldliness, and the standard is not high and pure in accordance with the requirements of the Gospel code. This is an advantage the incomparable importance of which cannot even be understood by Protestants, and to secure it all Catholics worthy of the name ought to be ready to submit to some incidental losses, if such there were to be submitted to. As a general rule, the best mental training and development naturally follows, when other circumstances do not intervene to prevent it, when education is committed to men who look on life in the true Christian way, and who devote themselves to all high culture as a means to an end.

The present writer is one of those whose life has been providentially "broken in half" by a conversion to the Catholic religion, after a full experience, as he gratefully believes, of much that was best in the Anglican system. As St. Paul was a Pharisee, the son of Pharisees, he was an Etonian and an Oxford man, the son of an Etonian and an Oxford man. Never has he joined, never will be join, in the severe language of condemnation with which many converts have spoken of the English Public Schools and Universities. Naturally speaking, the happiest years of his life were spent in the enjoyment of the blessing which in many ways still haunt the old foundations of Catholic piety, and he still looks back with intense gratitude to the friendships there formed and the intellectual development there received. It is never right, in speaking of a matter in which there are so many variable elements, to lay down an universal rule, or to generalize upon an individual experience. All that can be fairly required of those who write on such points, recording their experience for the information of others, is that they should say it is their own experience, and that they are quite aware that there are, in the moral and intellectual condition of the schools, of which we are speaking, temporary, local, and accidental alternations between almost the highest good and almost the lowest bad. But something more than the varieties of personal experience is at hand to confirm the conclusion at which most who have written on the subject, except as simple spinners of theory, have arrived. Catholic theology teaches us a great many things which are, we fear, sometimes forgotten by writers and talkers, who seem to have a passion for

believing every possible evil of Protestant schools as of Protestants in general. Such persons forget the immense tenderness of the Providence of God in shielding from many obvious dangers those who are without the rich means of grace which the sacramental system of the Church affords to her children. They forget the immense power of baptismal grace and of private prayer in those who are unwittingly brought up without the guidance of Catholic priests and the help of Catholic sacraments. They are ignorant, too, how easy it is for those who have never had the highest standard and the purest rule set before them, to go a considerable distance down the hill without plunging into the abyss—the line at which they recoil with horror being at a lower level than it would be if they had Catholic instruction and Catholic training. On the other hand, it is possible, out of a desire to prove some favourite theory, to depreciate to an extent which Catholic theology does not sanction, the immense power of the sacraments and of priestly guidance in the elevation and preservation of Catholic youth. When people talk about the high moral tone of the public schools, or attempt to limit the superiority of Catholic schools in this respect to one particular point, though that be the most delicate and precious of all, we are only checked by a desire not to appear contemptuous, for, applying to them the famous response of the Athenians to the Melians,<sup>1</sup> when the latter spoke of relying on the “sense of honour” of the Lacedæmonians as a security that they would not abandon them. The superiority of Catholic morality is along the whole line of virtue. The boys that are good, pure, honourable, high-minded, self-restrained, courteous, considerate for others, and the like, under Protestant training, would be twice as much so under Catholic, and the boys—for such there must always be—who are selfish, conceited, foppish, “bumptious,” base, and unfair-minded in Catholic schools, would be indefinitely worse under Protestant training. System against system, advantages against advantages, the Catholics have an infinite superiority which they would be fools, if not worse, to forget.

<sup>1</sup> μακαρίσαντες ὑμῶν τὸ ἀπειρέκακον οὐ ζηλοῦμεν τὸ ἄφρον (Thucyd. v. 105).

## Instinct and Mind.

### PART THE SECOND.

To gain a fairly clear idea of how a brute is stimulated to act, all we have to do is to close our eyes, and think of any place in which we have ever been. Dwell on it for a little, and you will find that the picture will enlarge itself. The whole neighbourhood comes successively before you: the white cottage at the corner, with the green hedge and the trees at the side, and down the turn of the red road the church and the tombstones; then, away across the daisied fields, the winding river, and the blue hills in the distance, and the soft summer sky overhead; then, the people and the pleasant hours, and the feelings connected and mixed up with all this. Often too, by the laws of association, the imagination starts away on a narrow by-path, and takes up some totally different line of images and other accompanying sensations, owing to resemblance, or contrast, or contiguity of any sort, in other words, owing to previous proximity, in some shape or other, of workings of the internal sense formerly experienced. Thus this country scene and its blue hills suggest perhaps

The breath of her gardens, the hum of her bees,  
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees,

and away we are in the south of France, and what castles in the air, and various airy nothings result therefrom every one's experience bears witness. Brutes have this power of imagination too. It is, as we have seen, a function of the internal sense, the organic memory in fact. Being wholly immersed in sense, having no spirit, their automatically working brain is even more delicate and directive in many of its operations than ours. In them, as in us, sensations cause images to spring up, one image, worked into the nerve-cells of the brain by former experience, recalls another linked to it, and feelings, keen or vague, of the most varied kinds cause kindred or connected ones

to reverberate within. In their brains, and in ours, of the linked and harmonized former sensations and inherited or acquired instincts thereto subordinated, if circumstances

Recall one partner of the various league,  
Immediate, lo ! the firm confederates rise,  
And each his former station straight resumes ;  
One movement governs the consenting throng,  
And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,  
Or all are saddened with the gloom of care.<sup>1</sup>

This takes place by laws as fixed as those which cause the various minerals to weave themselves together by crystals of pyramids, or cubes, or prisms, or other geometrical figures ; or, which cause nebular masses to evolve themselves into suns and planets, moving in determined orbits. The nervous system, the organic president of the whole animal economy, works necessarily under the influence of stimuli. Its molecular quiverings determine the sensations. Brutes in their cognitional and appetitive acts have only sensations to direct them. Hence their attractions and repulsions vary directly as the resultant of all the sensation-forces acting on them. If the attractions are stronger than the repulsions, they must follow ; if the repulsions are more potent, they turn to flee ; if the forces oscillate for awhile like a balancing beam, they will seem to deliberate, like a human being.

The laws of association of sensations (closely related to the association of ideas) prevail in the human brain as in the brutes ; but, unlike the brute, man can interfere with these laws, can interrupt the series of brain-pictures, can break up the associations, and start wholly different lines, can turn away from what is tiresome, distressing, disgusting, sinful, and compel the wandering imagination into any path he freely wills. That he is free, every unprejudiced man *knows*. This freedom in the field of choice, for a normally developed human being is capable of being put to any experimental test, that the nature of the case admits. Our own consciousness, the acts and judgments of our fellowmen, the whole constitution of nature concerned in our moral culture, the philosophical examination of the entity which thinks and wills, an entity which does not, in intellectual cognition and volition, act by the motion of parts, since it is outside and above and independent of the laws of bodies, are so

<sup>1</sup> *Pleasures of the Imagination*, Akenside, bk. iii. pp. 318, seq. For a most interesting but inaccurate dissertation on "Association" see Brown's *Philosophy of the Human Mind*.

many proofs and sources of proofs of this all-important, and most absolute, and demonstrable truth. But brutes have no such power over the workings of their brains and nerves. External circumstances, or some internal disturbance, can, no doubt, change the living panorama, and introduce a new lot of images, but the creature itself cannot determine what lot it will call up; in philosophical language, "it cannot evolve a consciousness independent of its immediate environment." The brain-pictures, and their concomitant feelings, I repeat, are brought about by the movement of the parts of the organism, and as all sensation depends upon organic changes, and as a brute has nothing higher than sensation, it must follow the strongest feeling whatever it be, and can no more help its action than an American, or indeed any other, steam-engine can help bursting, if the driver thinks it his duty to sit on the safety-valve, when the boiler is already on the point of giving up contending against the pressure of the steam. The motion of the parts determines the motions of a machine, the motion of the nerves determines the sensations, the sensations determine the acts of brutes, and, had we none but sensitive faculties, no matter how refined and subtle their nature, we should be as helpless to contend against the resultant of our sensations as a dog or a cat is. We are not thus helpless. Though we must have some motive to act, for this is implied in volition, we are conscious that we can resist, and turn from the most violent allurements; and, from a wish to be just, or generous, or prudent, or pious, fix our thoughts freely on some less sensational motive, and freely act contrary to vindictive, or proud, or unchaste emotions.

Another means of gaining some notion of how brutes, that seem to reason, are guided in their proceedings is the study of our own dreams. Dreams, while actually going on, are occasioned by the internal sense, though they are sometimes modified by external circumstances, such as noise, light, contact of bed-clothes, &c. All our sensational experiences are worked into the nervous system, the cell-centres of the brain being the repositories of all such cognitional acts. These centres, according as our experiences grow riper and wider, become more and more interlaced and interdependent, so that the stimulating of any one reacts upon numberless others interwoven with it. The sensations worked into these systems of nerve-cells revive when the nerve-quivering revives from any cause. Then follows the living panorama of brain-pictures and feelings therewith

associated. When in a reverie or day-dream, we perceive this procession of sensations, but, being then awake, we do not take these internal phantasms for external realities. When we are asleep, we have no means of correcting these impressions. As our intellects and wills are then in great measure dulled or inactive, we take everything as it comes up with its strange associates as a matter of course, without being surprised. Sometimes, it is true, we seem to have as keen a sense of right and wrong while asleep as while awake, but, for all this seeming, we are under the sway of sensations, and consequently, murders and other crimes, perpetrated in sleep, even with an uneasy conscience, are sinless phantoms. In dim dreams, and even in clear dreams for the most part, conscience is as fast asleep as the dreamer, and then sensations are the unresisted guides of actions, as in brutes; though, be it remembered, we can never know sensations wholly separated from intellect.

Many modern thinkers, whose want of subtlety in mental science is to the full as impressive as are their attainments in what are called the natural and physical sciences, suppose, because brutes by the automatic combination of brain-pictures simulate inference, that they have powers essentially the same as human reasoning. This instinctive faculty of combining residual sensations and direct perceptions for their individual well-being, and the propagation of their kind, is the material reflection, or foreshadowing, of reason. "All things are double," and every order of being shadows forth the qualities of beings above it. Nevertheless, there is an impassable chasm between reason and all sensation; and even as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are the ways and thoughts of a reasoning being above one that is merely instinctive.

Reason is, specifically considered, that power of the mind by which we get at latent truth from truths already known. By it, too, we *make up* our minds as to what is prudent, probable, in good taste, vulgar, evil, virtuous. All this we do by passing in intellectual review, either slowly and siftingly, or rapidly and almost intuitively, our individual and social experiences. Known truths, probabilities, and canons of taste, etiquette, and morals, are the possession of the intellect, and in it stored. Then they become material for the mental powers to work at unconsciously, and elaborate more and more, enlarging their compass, unifying, dividing, filling in and rounding off, so that we are often surprised to find how time



ripens ideas which we had forgotten we ever possessed. Or, these conclusions become the intuitions, or abstract ideas, forming the elements of further explicit and conscious reasoning. Often, too, being forgotten, though still in our minds, they must be sought for by reasoning processes, as before. When these forgotten and sought-for ideas had cost us labour to acquire, they are commonly found to possess, when recalled to conscious life, that fulness and maturity above alluded to, which supplies some most convincing proofs of the enormous amount of unconscious intellectual action constantly going on in our souls.

Intellect, or the faculty which grasps truth, is not different really from that which seeks it, namely, reason. The hand which learns skilful motions is the hand which possesses them when acquired. The self-same nerves and nerve-centres strive after and acquire. Reasoning is the working of an imperfect intellect, whose perfect act is intuition; but, even in every act of reasoning, intuition is involved. Hence intuition and judgment at first seem to be absolutely synchronous. The moment the child's brain is sufficiently evolved to become the lowly but indispensable mate of the lordly intellect, this "biune" act is elicited, whereby the "ego" recognizes its own "I am," and that it and the universe are not one. As the child waxes big and strong, its mind, acting according to the laws of its own nature on what is brought before it from the phenomenal world, recognizes other eternal truths underlying its sensations and their objects. These truths are the immoveable foundations of all demonstration, and cannot, from the nature of the case, directly be *proved* to be true. If everything which exists were made, then nothing could ever have been made. In the same way, if everything had to be proved true, nothing could ever be so proved, for we should be always going farther and farther back, without ever coming to an end. How irrational, then, are those sceptics who will recognize the truth of nothing, because everything does not admit of proof. Proof or demonstration belongs only to an imperfect intellect. God's knowledge is one infinite intuition, whereby He knows all things in all their bearings. The angels, according to their rank, need fewer or more acts to come at any truth. Thus, too, in men, according as they are more cultured, the more comprehensive are their concepts. What I say here concerning the angels, is to be understood of them in their natural state. Whether it is true of them or not, *i.e.*, of the heavenly host, now that

they see God face to face, I will not presume to say. But I think it is plain that God alone possesses all truth, and therefore, no matter how grand the intellect of Cherub or Seraph may be, there must be outside of it infinite and indefinitely attainable knowledge. In *Paradise Lost* Milton represents Raphael telling Adam—

The soul

Reason receives . . .

Discursive or intuitive : discourse

Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,

Differing but in degree, of kind the same.<sup>2</sup>

Our intuitions, or immediate perceptions of truth without discourse of reason, are, then, of the same nature as those of the angels; and it is as ridiculous to ask us for *proofs* of our own existence, or for the absolute and eternal necessity of two and two making four, and so of other such necessary truths, as it would be to ask a pure spirit to prove that he exists, and that the universe, in which he is, exists. Light so plentiful floods these facts and truths, that it would seem none but the wilfully blind can help recognizing them. As intellect and reason are one and the same faculty, so also all the wonders of unconscious mental action, whereby our knowledge grows automatically, come under reasoning. We are rational creatures, consequently we acquire truth from intuitions and comparisons; by evolving, consciously or unconsciously, truth that is latent in truths already known. In this way it is the student finds to his surprise that in the morning the unsolved problem, or the ungrasped metaphysical concept of the night before, reveals itself to him, as if some guardian spirit, taking pity on his unsuccessful efforts, were shedding strange light upon his mind. Also, thoughts and speculations of other days, it may be long forgotten, imperfectly understood and buried beneath generations of successors, will rise from their graves, "not in weakness but in power," as though in the darkness and silence they had been maturing themselves for a glorious resurrection. Nothing that is once stored in the brain is lost. It often will pass beyond the little sphere of consciousness or of memory, but it ever remains a factor in a man's mental character, and flavours the conscious product of his intellect, which works upon it and elaborates it, as the stomach acts upon all sorts of food. Whatever has been once worked into the substance of the

<sup>2</sup> Bk. v. 486 et seq.]



spiritual intellect can never be lost. In every-day life, too, the reason works in this unconscious way. When you meet a person, instantaneously you come to numberless conclusions regarding him, from intuitions, recollections, and comparisons unconsciously performed. Such are—knows how to dress himself, well-mannered too, am sure he is sincere and honest from his looks, clever and kind-hearted he seems to be, wonder what he is here for, pleasant ring in his voice; and often, alas! judgments the reverse of all these. In the same way, a doctor forms his opinion about a patient, a lawyer about his client, a schoolboy about his master, and all manner of people about each other. This is all done in the way of reasoning, rapid though it be. In practical life, as in speculation, the more experience one has the more rapidly are these processes carried on, and the wider and deeper the conclusions arrived at. I remember well the uncomfortable feeling that came over me, and remained with me, when for the first time it flashed upon me, that even as my eye observed others, and my mind's eye judged them, so also were others' eyes on me.

Why we get at new *truths* from truths already known is, because all *truth* is one. Separate truths are but portions of one immense whole. From a single bone of an extinct animal palæontologists can construct the whole, because of the known relations of part to part; so too, from knowing some truths, we can, by their relations, get at others, and extend the circle of our knowledge indefinitely. It will be well to define truth. Truth is the mental double of things, or, the intellectual reflection of the *ego* and the *non-ego*, or, it is the correspondence of our ideas to their objects. It is, therefore, a relation existing between an intellect and the objects of intellect, *omnia scibilia*. I have truth, though not the whole truth, about God, when I know Him to be One and Infinite. I have truth about the human soul, when I know it to be a substance having no parts, capable of existing and acting out of the body, intelligent and free, and, as regards the future, with no limit to its duration.

When the reasoning intellect has arrived at new truths, they become the possession of the intuitional intellect, and we may see them at a glance. For example, mathematicians, by reasoning from certain self-evident truths, or first principles, get universal ideas of what all mathematics are about and the several branches thereof, so that the moment the words mathematics, geometry, algebra, conic sections, calculus, come before

them, they at once have the notions, quantitative relations, relations of regular figures in space, of general expressions for the relations of numbers, of curves bounding the sections of cones and expressed by equations, of functions evolving themselves or varying according to a certain tendency. These ideas were come at originally by severe reasoning and much affliction to the flesh, but now, are the property of the intuitional faculty, and so, the foundations or elements of still wider, and deeper, and higher generalizations and investigations. Now the faculty, by which these acts are performed, cannot possibly be an organic one, like the imagination of brutes, or even of men. The imagination being organic can elicit nothing but a confused symbol for common things at its best, as is the image "man," which rises in the brain if we dwell a little on the word. Again, all imaginings of feelings or emotions are the acts of an organic faculty, which has experienced them, treasures them up and recalls them, when properly stimulated. These resurrections and perceptions of the organ are of things that can be seen, touched, smelt, heard, tasted, felt in some way, that is, of things divisible and destructible, as is the organ eliciting their reflections. The intellect, on the other hand, making use of these acts of the imagination, abstracts and conceives therefrom what is universal in them. Thus from the vague brain-image "man" it elaborates and produces the spiritual or universal idea of man; so that, this same idea in every one of its characteristics is applicable to an indefinite number, whereas the image of the brain, be it man, or circle, or flower, or perfume, or sound, is always an individual image or echo, be it blurred or clear, with sensitive qualities. It is so, because it is the product of an organic power acting by the motion of its parts, and no product can exceed the nature of the producer. The nature of a producer determines the nature of the product. The nature of a product reveals its lineage, whether it be of high or of low degree, whether it be simple or discernible, material or spiritual. No merely imaginative faculty could have the notions of thing, being, goodness, justice, cause, substance, relation. Many abstract ideas (*e.g.*, being, good, duration) are of their own nature infinite, no limit can be put to our positive conceptions of them, and consequently, they connote an infinite object to correspond, which is God. The grounds of this proof of the existence of an Infinite Being is the truthfulness of our intellects in reflecting the universe,

if we take universe for convenience to mean all *entia* without exception. The reason I say "for convenience," is, because nothing whatever can be predicated in the same sense of God and of creature. God is pure being, *ens a se*, all creatures are derived beings, *entia ab alio*. The intellect brooding upon phenomena absorbs from them and then radiates these ideas, in themselves infinite, though we cannot grasp them infinitely. Every abstract idea, not self-destructive by demonstrable contradiction, must have a *fundamentum in re*, according to the nature, the truthful nature of intellect. If it be said, the intellect is not naturally truthful, then there is no use in arguing, for the end of argument should be to find out the truth.<sup>3</sup> The more I meditate on this *ideal* argument for the existence of an Infinite God, the more it recommends itself to my mind.

Abstract ideas are indispensable to reasoning. This we can see at once, for all discourse of reason involves notions of existence or being, of virtue or vice, of cause and all manner of mental relations. Since no organic faculty can elicit ideas, brutes, which are mere organisms, cannot reason, however curiously they mimic or simulate it. They too are fearfully and wonderfully made, but we are only a little less than angels. They have received a nature, which is a living organism, capable of eliciting most mysterious acts, which are however worked into that compound of cells and tissue, which are elaborated and co-ordinated by, and become part and parcel of, it, varying in perfection with its perfection, and living and ceasing to live simultaneously with the organism. Our souls united to the matter of our bodies, form the living human substance. The radix of all our acts, organic, sensational, and spiritual, is the soul. The power which, unconsciously to us, superintends the action of the heart, the veins and arteries, the lungs, stomach,

<sup>3</sup> "But though we are thus certain that we are the same agents, living beings, or substances now, which we were as far back as our remembrance reaches, yet it is asked, whether we may not possibly be deceived in it? And this question may be asked at the end of any demonstration whatever, because it is a question concerning the truth of perception by memory. And he who can doubt whether perception by memory can in this case be depended upon, may doubt also whether perception by deduction and reasoning, which also include memory, or indeed whether intuitive perception can. Here then we can go no farther. For it is ridiculous to attempt to prove the truth of those perceptions, whose truth we can no otherwise prove than by other perceptions of exactly the same kind with them, and which there is just the same ground to suspect; or to attempt to prove the truth of any faculties, which can no otherwise be proved than by the use or means of those very suspected faculties themselves" (Bishop Butler, *Dissertation on Personal Identity*, Conclusion).

liver, and bowels, which, from food and air, increases, repairs, renews brain, nerve, bone, muscle, and all tissues, resides in the soul, and will remain in it, when separated from the body. The power which feels and imagines, which quivers and thrills with pain or pleasure, which is conscious of vague emotional mysteries, is primarily the soul, but the soul forming with the body one substance. The soul united to the body, interpenetrating its limbs and organs, its infinitely delicate fibres and molecular cells, combining, co-ordinating, and regulating all their inexhaustibly wonderful activities, makes use of the imaginings, feelings, instincts of the mere animal nature, which we share with brutes, elevates it so as to be worthy of its spiritual mate, evolves from it and with it all the rapturous music of voice and instrument, that turns the heads and thrills the hearts of men, all the sublime, pathetic, bewitching words, and lines, and verses, and incarnated thought of poets, orators, and great writers—the mystery of whose style is the mystery of a music with its own eternal laws—makes brutal appetite, heroic passion, gregarious instinct, the substratum of all that is orderly, equitable, gentle, charitable, kind and affectionate in human society and friendship, and the pictures and organic echoes of the brain, the groundwork of an intellectual structure looking over earth and heaven from eternity to eternity, gathering into its halls and treasuries trophies and spoils from every clime, and every possible field of speculation. Oh, the wonders of human nature! An intellect, spiritual in its substance, capable of indefinite cultivation, grasping the illimitably small and the illimitably great, and all that lies between, seeing with a certainty like that of angelic intuition, the eternal and unchangeable truths of reason, science, and philosophy, reaching through nature up to nature's infinite God, contemplating Him, and itself, and all things else, exulting in the glory of finding out what is hidden, and ever making its greatest advances and widest conquests but the bases of operations for further irresistible advances, and still wider and more glorious achievements. How could this intellect be other than eternal, when even now it takes in, and reaches forward to, and contemplates, truly, though imperfectly, infinity and eternity? How can death be the end of that, which, up to the time of death, has been advancing and conquering, and still imperfect and unsatisfied? The wonders of the intellect alone have filled innumerable tomes with the deepest and subtlest speculations of which the mind of man is capable.

But, besides the intellect, think of the mysteries of the human heart, its emotions, its passions, its tenderness, its swellings, and sinkings, and thrillings, and longings, its capacities for every form of the most mysterious world of feeling. These it is which seem to constitute the peculiar charm of human nature, a nature which would appear to possess for the Creator Himself attractions, not bestowed on our grander fellow-creatures. Who would not glow with responsive throbbing, when the great thinker exclaims: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" Surely, no study there is more becoming a man, than the study of himself, "the glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

This intellect of ours is, therefore, a faculty of a substance using for its special acts no organ, though the action of the organ is concurrent with the action of the spiritual power. Consciousness, which is always reflex, abstract ideas, judgments, and reasoning, as well as all acts of true volition, are simple and spiritual, and therefore cannot be elicited by an organic faculty. From which it follows, the power producing these acts must be superior to, and essentially independent of, all organs. Remember, I do not say that the intellect ever in this life acts wholly independently of organs. It requires, in greater or less degree, the cooperation at least of the imagination or internal sense while in this world. The following passage from Bishop Butler's *Titanic* work seems to me to labour under this twofold error, (1) that it seems to say, we may in our present state reflect or think without aid from the perishable brain, and (2) that it seems to confound, or allow to overlap without sufficient distinction, brain-pictures and other workings of the internal sense, with pictureless and sensationless ideas. In the *Analogy*,<sup>4</sup> Bishop Butler says: "Human creatures exist at present in two states of life and perception greatly different from each other, each of which has its own peculiar laws, and its own peculiar enjoyments and sufferings. When any of our senses are affected, or appetites gratified, with the objects of them, we may be said to exist, or live, in a state of sensation. When none of our senses are affected, or appetites gratified, and yet we perceive, and reason, and act, we may be said to exist, or live, in a state of reflection.

<sup>4</sup> Chap. i. "Of a Future Life," p. 36.



Now it is by no means certain that anything which is dissolved by death is in any way necessary to the living being, in this its state of reflection, after ideas are gained; for though, from our present constitution and condition of being, our external organs of sense are necessary for conveying in ideas to our reflecting powers, as carriages, and levers, and scaffolds are in architecture, yet, when these ideas are brought in, we are capable of reflecting in the most intense degree, and of enjoying the greatest pleasure, and feeling the greatest pain, by means of that reflection, without any assistance from our senses, and without any at all, which we know of, from that body which will be dissolved by death." What the modifications are, which will enable us to extract from this suggestive paragraph thoroughly orthodox doctrine, will become clearer as we go along.

By means of the pictures of the imagination the baby learns its first intellectual lesson. As soon as its brain is sufficiently consolidated, it conceives, compares, judges, and says, "ting," "me," "mam-am-am-amma." As the child grows up ideas multiply with enormous prolificness, always the imagination helping, until he becomes an educated man, when, although he cannot dispense with the imagination altogether, he will very often require but very little help therefrom, a symbol, or a word, being sufficient to enable the intellect to understand the most universal idea. For the mathematician I need only put down  $\frac{dy}{dx}$ , and the whole idea of the differential calculus is before him. To the metaphysician I need only say "being" and he understands explicitly the most simple, and the most profound, and the most absolutely universal of all ideas. Explicitly, I say, for every human being that can think "is" conceives the self-same, all-embracing notion, difficult as it is for the non-speculative intellect to see clearly that it does so. It may be urged, that these symbols and words do but recall imaginings, with which they are associated, and that it is in these imaginings, and not in the  $\frac{dy}{dx}$ , or "being," that the mathematician or metaphysician calls up the spirits from the vasty deep. Certainly these imaginings of curves, and figures, and formulæ developing and varying, of sticks and stones, books and brutes, men and angels, earth and heaven, together with the affections and relations of these, do pass in procession before the mental vision; but, previous to their rising, the mind conceives, or understands, as I have said, though it cannot of course imagine what it conceives. The proof is, that instantaneously, before

these pictures unrol themselves, the mind sees if what is heard or taken in by the sense of vision is correct. Instantaneously, it detects a false notion concerning these concepts, or perceives with delight the act of another mind, that has penetrated, grasped, and expressed these great thoughts. It does so, and it understands here, just as it understands, without being able to imagine, its own existence, its own identity, its consciousness of its own life and being. As a simple example to bring home to our minds the *senselessness* or *imagelessness* of true ideas let us think on our notion of "cause." Previous to any picture of a particular cause, such as fire, or gravitation, we *know* perfectly, though with no help from the imagination except the word, what is meant by it, that is, we have the spiritual idea of it. If you ask, how can that which has no shape, or other sensitive quality, express or reflect that which has, the answer is that this is owing to the perfection of the nature of an idea, which transcends all sensitive qualities, though possessing analogous ones of a wholly different and indefinitely superior nature. Even in the case of the senses, shape can be perceived by touch or by sight, smells can be tasted and *vice versa*, and deaf mutes can be taught to speak, from seeing the curves traced by the help of air-waves, which are the material and external conditions of articulate sound. External to the percipient, sights and sounds are vibrations, and they are perceived by faculties, which, though their conditions of acting be the vibration of nerve, most certainly are not themselves mere vibrations. But indeed the very reason why *all* sensitive things, their qualities and relations can be conceived is precisely because the mind is a cognitional faculty, which has no sensitive qualities, its qualities being those of a more excellent order of being.

In the small man, who has opened his eyes for the first time to-day, the outside world is working through the external senses. Very soon the various images or echoes, or vital doubles, from it will become clearly defined in his small brain. His next great cognitional step will be to abstract universal ideas from these images by a simultaneous intuition-comparing-judging act. After this he will go on reasoning, and in some years time he will explicitly recognize the good and true, and contemporaneously, the bad and false. In enlarging this vision of goodness, and following it so as to become more and more possessed of it, does his *raison d'être* consist. Men are but children of a larger growth. While we are in this world, we must go on

pursuing the good and true, even as the child. See here the infinite difference between man and brute. The brute is sunk in sensation. It is capable only of certain acts, and certain fixed directions in acting, no matter what its advantages may be. We may train dogs to hunt, monkeys to mimic, elephants to combine experiences, so as to go through astounding performances of sensational cognition; but we cannot make them think abstract ideas, talk rationally, or do any of the peculiar acts of a human being, because the spirit of man is not in them. Here we have a demonstration of the essential difference between sensation and thought. If we feel pain or pleasure too keenly, thought is clouded, the reasoning and reflecting faculties are disturbed and numbed. If we are plunged in thought, in the rational investigation or contemplation of truth, sensation is quite deadened, and loses its tremendous power of fascination. But, when one faculty increases as the other diminishes, there must be a radical difference between them. From the acts or facts of anything we prove its nature. The act of the brute prove it to be a living, sensitive organism, and all it does, the action of the nervous system is sufficient to explain; but, while the human being has all the essential vegetative powers of plants, and all the essential sensitive powers of beasts, he has, infinitely over and above all these, powers by which he divides the phenomenally one, and thereby transcends space and time, by which he recognizes causes and relations no senses could get at, by which he knows moral right and wrong, is free to choose and therefore merits reward or penalty, by which he reaches forward to eternity and infinity, and thereby shows he was formed for both, according to his capacity to participate in them.

A most remarkable and essential difference between the cognitional powers of men and brutes needs more explicit pointing out. It is quite true that human beings have mind-workings which are automatic, that is, which take place with no consciousness of effort whatever, in such way as our intellects work, when we are not applying them to a fixed subject of study, or averting them from subjects that are in any way displeasing, and all the unconscious mental action before referred to. Even in these automatic acts, their spirituality of course elevates them above all brutal acts.<sup>5</sup> However, being placed

<sup>5</sup> I conceive that one of the perfections of a better life will be the utter absence of unconsciousness in our activities. We shall know our whole selves perfectly, and external objects in that degree that we shall be fit for, and that will be for our happiness.



in this world for the culture of our intellectual and moral faculties, we are very frequently conscious of effort to improve these faculties, in freely striving after what is good for us, what is true, what is beautiful in any way. We know that if a human being be not trained by some one or more, all the miraculous potentialities of skill contained in eye, ear, throat, hand, leg, and all that these connote, lie dormant or undeveloped, and that no animal is more helpless than man left to himself, for acting at all according to his nature. Even when taught we know that he proceeds to excellence in his arts slowly and painfully, that he becomes successful after repeated failures, and never almost, it may be said, reaches that perfection he aims at, nor makes use of all the means, or the best means to attain it. And this is, because nature has not given him the instinct to choose the best means, nor the instinctive faculties to handle them without flaw, though she has given him incomparably higher ones. Now brutes are strikingly different herein in these two ways: (1) in performing certain external works implying design with absolute perfection, prior to all experience or instruction, and (2) in those which they are taught being restricted, as above explained. Birds build their nests and rear their young as perfectly the first season as ever after, and never improve. Beavers construct their dams, ant-eaters their traps, bees, wasps, and ants build, gather food for the community, fight and unite for all their special ends, not freely nor because they are taught to do so, for this it is ascertained they never are, but because their instincts compel them to do so, as inexorably as the earth is wheeled round the sun. Their acts may be marvels of wisdom in the adaptation of the best possible means to the result, and marvels of beauty in the visible product, but the vision of wisdom or of beauty is not with them, but in Him Who made them.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> I cannot forbear recounting a circumstance which fell under my notice a few days ago, and which will enable us to realize more and more the irrationableness of brutes, their incapacity for falling back on themselves, and their total dependence on fixed instincts. I happened to be in a small glass-house of which the door and three or four windows were wide open. A bumble-bee was trying to get out through the upper part, flying round and round, dashing itself against the glass and then sliding down exhausted on a wooden shelf that runs round immediately over the door and the open windows. Again and again the creature flew past the door and windows, through one of which it must have got in, but invariably it wound up with a rush at the glass and a buzzing dance down to the shelf. I watched it for a considerable time, and got unphilosophically angry with it for its blunderheadedness. A couple of days later I was again in the same place, remembered my stupid bee, climbed up to see the part of the shelf it so frequently danced down to, and there it was dead, and round about it the remains of hive-bees, which like my unfortunate

Can the human soul act when separated from the body, and if it can, how? If the body be dissolved by death, the brain goes, and with it all that the living brain produces, viz., the imagination, and all the cognate energies involved in the internal sense. From experience we see that some image or material brain-echo supplies the substratum of thought. So worked into thought, indeed, is this material texture, that able men and deep thinkers have been unable to distinguish between the subtle weaving of the imagination and the spiritual function of real thought. It is undoubtedly true that, at the instant of death, nerve-power and imaginings will disappear, though our acquired knowledge will remain with us, and become, by the very fact of being released from all the passions, prejudices and limitations of a corporeal nature, wonderfully clear, intensified, and far-reaching. Our knowledge of the "I," our thinking it, and recognizing our own continued existence, will be much as it was in this life, when we had forgotten that we had a body or senses, or, as it is now, when we feel, if we conceive ourselves as knowing ourselves independently of that feeling. But our thoughts intensified and widened will move with a force and rapidity at present inconceivable, for they will no longer need the crutches of the imagination. It is the wear and tear of the nervous tissue of the brain, which always accompanies thought in this life, that causes the sensation of mental weariness after hard study. For this reason Solomon says that, "much study is an affliction of the flesh."<sup>7</sup> But a spirit, being a perfectly indestructible substance, can think for ever without the exhaustion of cerebration requiring rest for repair. When we shall be separated from our bodies thinking will bring no shadowy host of figures before the mind's eye, for the brain, and with it the imagination, of which it is the organ, will be gone. All our thoughts will be as figureless as is the *idea* of substance, of cause, of being, or of what is meant by  $\frac{dy}{dx}$  previous to the workings of the imagination.

acquaintance would appear to have been unable to remember to get out the way they came in. Instances *ad infinitum* to show the unreasoning stupidity of the shrewdest animals, dogs, monkeys, birds, elephants, could be recounted if space permitted. Remember that no amount of external acts prove reasoning power. Self-consciousness, the mental or reflex recognition of self is the indispensable groundwork reason, and no tittle of evidence can be produced to show that brutes have this.

<sup>7</sup> Eccl. xii. 12.

By the deep and continued observation of the acts of our own spirit or mind we learn a number of truths concerning spirit-land. However, it is absolutely impossible for us to know precisely how a spirit exists, what it is like, or what are the conditions, the full conditions, of its motion, location, and energies in general. We just get to the very edge of ghost-land, we touch the infinitely delicate line which effectually and impassably divides the realms of imagining from those of pure spiritual thought. The spirit can come and roam over the territories of the imagination, and carry off from it treasures and produce of every description. The imagination, with every assistance even from the spirit, vainly tries to look beyond that narrow line, that impenetrable veil, spread between it and the abodes of the majority.<sup>8</sup>

Nevertheless, in ourselves, our own spirit thinks these unimaginable thoughts, works about them, unknown to consciousness as well as consciously, links them, widens and deepens them, stores them, knows that it has them, and where they are, and what paths lead to their prison or palace, knows itself as having them, and contemplates itself and them, now interwoven with its own substance. Strange, indeed, will be the moment after death, when we shall see with dazzling clearness how thought can proceed without imaginings or feelings, how beauty can be in persons without shape or figure, how spirits without parts or extension can be in many points of space simultaneously.

If we watch narrowly how we think, we shall observe how the intellect, as it were, sits calmly behind the processions of brain-figures, accompanying their movements with an all-searching, all-arranging eye, that sees by a light emanating from itself, and sees, not merely what the brain exhibits, but what is incomparably more, all that the cerebral phenomena import. It cannot be too clearly and emphatically insisted upon, that these images of the brain, whether they be really pictures as of man, or tree, or doubles of taste, or smell, or sound, or touch, are not *ideas*. An idea of its own nature is a wholly unimaginable, because a wholly spiritual thing. We have ideas of sensations, but they are incapable of being expressed by the imagination or by human words, because all words expressive of things, and the relations of things, are the product of organs, and, though the spirit in them understands

<sup>8</sup> οἱ πλείους, *plures*, the dead : euphemistically.

what they aim at expressing, they cannot to the human imagination express what they represent to the mind. These ideas are in themselves universal, that is, applicable to an indefinite number of things of the same class. We can see this by noticing how everything observed is *understood*, as man, tree, thing, cause, effect, substance, good, bad, just, true, quality, &c. The particularization, if not effected, is undoubtedly brought out clearly by the internal sense, because whatever it produces is individual, existing, *hic et nunc*, under conditions of space how much, and time how long. On the other hand, what the intellect brings to bear appears to be universal, and not measured by space or time, but independent of them.<sup>9</sup> Of course even this clear particularization, due to the internal sense, must be perceived by the intellect. To be perfectly intelligible I must observe that it is what is represented by the ideas that is universal. The ideas themselves, being individual acts, are necessarily individual. I am not saying that the intellect does not perceive particulars even in material things (as it certainly does in things spiritual), but that it *seems*, if we watch it, to see pre-eminently the universal in what passes beneath its notice, that is, in what it understands. And I think this is the truth, that, though it perceives of itself particular things, still it always in these material things and

<sup>9</sup> The following note, taken some eighteen months ago from an article by Cardinal Manning in the *Contemporary*, p. 1023, will be found useful in connection with what I have been saying. "St. Thomas says:—'As to our first knowledge (of the existence of the soul) we must distinguish, because anything may be known by a *habitus*, or by an *act*. As to *actual* knowledge, by which a man knows that he has a soul, I say that the soul is known by its acts. For in this he perceives that he has a soul, that he lives, and that he is, because he perceives that he feels and understands and exercises other vital operations of this kind. As Aristotle says (*Ethics*, t. i. ix. cap. 9): 'We perceive that we perceive and we know that we know; and because we perceive and know this we know that we are.' But as for the *habitual* knowledge, I say that the soul sees itself by its own essence, that is, because its essence is present to itself." "For this the essence of the soul alone, which is present in the mind, is sufficient; for out of it proceed the acts by which it is actually perceived" (Kleutgen, tom. i. pp. 211, 215). Perhaps the comment of my own which I appended may make this rather abstruse matter clearer:—Knowledge is actual and habitual. Actual, no difficulty. Habitual, which we have, but are not now conscious of having, *e.g.*, my knowledge of anything I understand which is not now present to me. Where is this habitual knowledge when I am not using it? In my mind. The acts of the soul proceed from the essence of the soul, as the waves of the sea from its substance, therefore the habitual knowledge which the soul has of itself it has by its essence. I take this opportunity of observing that habitual knowledge is what intellectual memory is employed about. Hence memory is not a power distinct from intellect any more than reasoning is. Also, consciousness, whereby the *ego* conceives itself, seems to be the only conscious act of the mind wherein the imagination, as we are now constituted, has no part.

above and beyond them, conceives the universal. The intellect does not come into immediate contact with external objects, nor have the external senses, perceiving external things, the power of causing, or, rather, occasioning, the intellect to act. It is when the internal sense, whether roused by the external or not, is active, and elaborating its images or doubles, that the intellect, illuminating with its own light the panorama of the internal sense, perceives the image of the brain, and recognizes therein primarily its own universal object, whether it be substance, or cause, or relation, or virtue, or thing, or man, and simultaneously the particular, which is the vehicle to it of its more cognate, because more spiritual, universal.

We must remember that when we are engaged in observing external objects, the intellect does not primarily perceive sensations, but the objects of them. The sensation is that *by which* the intellect perceives the object, but not primarily that *which* the intellect perceives. For our senses, like those of brutes, put the object outside, or where it is, more or less perfectly, and hence the intellect, perceiving the object by means of the sensation, also puts it where it is. The whole process is this. First, the object affects the external sense, which causes the internal to cooperate, and this in its turn occasions the ever-watchful intellect to act upon it, and along with it and the external faculty to bring the object into direct communication with the *ego*. Since the intellect perceives the object, subjected to the senses, it does, in a certain way, perceive the sensation, but, primarily, it is the object it perceives in this act. When we close our eyes and think, we perceive sensations, pictures of the brain, acts of the internal sense.

But to return to ghost-land. St. Thomas (for whom, it is almost impertinence for me to say, I have the deepest reverence, and whose works, from the little I know of them, I regard as the very greatest treasure of the philosophical Christian) teaches, as well as I understand, that, since universals are the object of the intellect, and that to apprehend particulars it must turn to the imagination, therefore, after death, the intellect, powerful as it will become in dealing with universal concepts, their relations and import, will, in its knowledge of particulars, be confused, and only those will be clearly known which have in this life deeply affected us, or over which we have much brooded.<sup>10</sup> Now I can see no difficulty in holding,

<sup>10</sup> *Summa Theol.* I. I. q. lxxxix. a. iv.



that a disembodied or pure spirit can act on material or earthly objects, just as our minds can act on the pictures of the brain. Waves of ether, be they ever so delicate; waves of sound, be they ever so thundering; atoms, savoury or odorous, be they ever so exquisite in their palatableness or fragrance; touches, be they ever so soft or so crushing, cannot, as far as we can see, have any means of affecting a spirit, so as to excite its perception. But, why cannot that spirit, by an emanation from itself, illuminate what would else be dark, and so perceive and understand, in a way wholly transcending sense, even the particular material objects with which it is, or may be, surrounded? Every material object has in it a principle, or principles, cognizable only by the intellect, and which the senses cannot grasp; such are substance, form, and the passive principle.<sup>11</sup> Why may not the disembodied intellect immediately grasp these, and as from accidents now we get to substance, so then from substance, so and so situated, why may we not understand all the accidents? With regard to particular spiritual things there is no difficulty, for they are of the soul's own nature.

From considering, then, what kind of things the acts of the soul are, we can well conceive how our souls can act, that is, know and will, when this palpable body shall return to the dust, till "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible; and we shall be changed."<sup>12</sup>

If you ask me, "Has a spirit any shape whatever?" the answer is, "No;" but, I am convinced that the human form divine is the material foreshadowing of a spirit, and so there is a something in a spirit analogous to the beauty of shape, though quite of a higher nature. The wit, the poet, and the philosopher know, how the ideas of things the most diverse are linked together by strange likenesses, that, when seen, startle, surprise, amuse, delight the mind. "All things are double, one over

<sup>11</sup> The Aristotelian Philosophy (*the Philosophy*) teaches that all material substances are composed of matter and form. Matter, *materia prima*, is the passive principle, owing to which a body can be acted on in any way; the form is the active principle, which united to the matter makes the substance with its particular properties. The soul is the form of the human body. Unlike other substantial forms of material things, it has acts independent of the matter it informs. Hence, the destruction of the substance of human nature is not the destruction of the substantial form. When the soul leaves the body, the body is no longer one substance but a congeries of material substances. The soul is then a substance, but an imperfect one.

Water or iron, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, retain their substantial forms, and only change the accidentals.

<sup>12</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 52.

against the other, and God hath made nothing imperfect."<sup>13</sup> All things of earth are figures and shadows of better things to come, or worse.

When one has spent some years investigating the nature of mind, and trying to penetrate deeper and deeper into the unequalled lore of scholastic philosophy, where everything is defined, and no contradiction ever raises its monstrous head, it is painful, though it be amusing, to read such "advanced thinking" as that the hypothesis of a soul, "instead of introducing light into our minds, increases our darkness. You do not in this case explain the unknown in terms of the known, which, as stated above, is the method of science, but you explain the unknown in terms of the more unknown. Try to mentally visualize this soul as an entity distinct from the body, and the difficulty immediately appears."<sup>14</sup> If this scientific process of "mentally visualizing" mean imagining, I can no more imagine the soul than I can any abstract idea; if by it be meant intellectual conception, the whole world, I may say, conceives, reasons about, hopes and fears for this spiritual entity.

The Scholastics are constantly ridiculed for the subtleties of distinction which they have been guilty of. Nevertheless, a man is unworthy of the name of philosopher who cannot distinguish ideas that resemble each other. Philosophy is the science of causes. Philosophers are those who are not content with facts, but are always seeking to group these facts, and find out the law or laws, the cause or causes, of their existence and movements. The great danger which philosophers have to avoid is taking one thing for another, because they happen to be related in some way. There is no means of avoiding fallacious reasoning, which strays far from true causes and true consequences, except by training the intellect to the most exquisite degree of subtlety of which it is capable. I am speaking of philosophers, of those who tread the dizzy heights and penetrate the awful abysses of metaphysics, a science the most sublime and elevating, or dangerous and degrading, according as we toil along the one true path of reason and common sense, or stray into bewitching but pestilential regions

<sup>13</sup> Eccclus. xlii. 25.

<sup>14</sup> "Man and Science," Prof. Tyndall, *Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1877, p. 593. In the *Month*, Dec. 1877, in an article by the present writer, this objection was fully replied to.

of fallacious fancy. Nowhere is this subtlety of intellect more necessary than in investigating the phenomena of human nature. There we have to deal with all modes of created being. Able men are doing their utmost to confound the essential differences of these various modes, and it requires, above all, the power of clearly distinguishing related ideas, in order to unmask their oftentimes sincere delusions. Whether there be an essential difference and eternally impassable chasm, separating inorganic from organic and from sensitive beings, is undoubtedly a question deserving the closest study, but I think the ground a Christian philosopher at the present day should take his stand on is, that the phenomena of the human mind reveal most certainly that that mind is a spiritual substance, which knows the immutably true, and has the free power of embracing the good, which is incomparably superior to all discerptible matter, since it can have no parts, and consequently is eternally indestructible, destined to live eternally for weal or woe.

We are allied by our animal nature to the lower creatures, and on this account some philosophers will say, it is better to defend the outworks, namely, the lines that separate life from inorganic matter; for, if that be demonstrated impassable, *a fortiori*, the evolution of a human being will be proved absurd. But I, for my part, should prefer to see the battle raging round the very walls of the citadel, that is, the human soul, for, that being impregnable against all assaults, assailants would learn more and more of its tremendous nature, whereas, being kept at the remote outworks, which may or may not be inexpugnable, our foes are not made sufficiently aware how paltry these defences are when compared to the adamantine armoury of defence and aggression which the human mind in itself possesses.

W. S.



## *The Magyars.*

### THE DYNASTY OF ARPAD.

THE full and public acknowledgment of the importance of the Magyar race contained in the title "The Austro-Hungarian Empire," justifies us in giving greater space to its history. The Magyars undoubtedly deserve their political pre-eminence for many reasons. In the most hurried glance at a map of the Empire our eye is at once arrested by the size and central position of the kingdom of Hungary, but an immense moral force is added to this advantage by the national pride and patriotic zeal of the people themselves, by the unity of aim and purpose, and the tenacity of hold with which they have preserved all their past traditions, while their claims have obtained far readier acknowledgment than might have been expected, through their moderation and self-control in appealing rather to the strength of their cause than to open violence. A writer in the *Correspondant* on the different nationalities in Austria has been guided in his sketch by a large and carefully studied work of M. Edouard Sayous on *The General History of Hungary*;" and we are indebted to the same author for most of the facts here given, although partly from religious sympathies, and partly from a strongly conceived admiration of the Magyar race, he shows some tendency to palliate faults and exaggerate what is praiseworthy.

As regards the origin of the Magyars, although the races which have gained most name for themselves in Europe belong to the great Aryan family, and although the Magyars claim to have sprung from the Huns, who spread the terror of their name far and wide under Attila, yet their true history associates them beyond a doubt with the races of the higher Ural, the Tatars, Turks, and Mongols inhabiting central and western Asia. Their national characteristics, the type upon which their features are cast, the genius of their language in its grammar and individual words, the origin of their name, all these combine

to stamp them as belonging not only to the general class above mentioned, but to the particular race called the Finns, whose name is preserved in Finland, and amongst them to the distinct tribe of the Ougrians. These, wandering as nomades among the steppes of the Ural river or the Caspian Sea, were subdivided into the Ostiaks, the Vogols, and the Hungarians. It is difficult to determine the etymology of the name *Magyar*, but the most probable opinion treats it as compounded of the Vogol words *Ma* and *Kär*, signifying child of the earth, or indigenous. We are more easily led to the root of the name *Hungary*, from its recurrence on the sides of the Ural range, and even on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, where mention is made in the seventeenth century of the *Ougrian* territory and mountain district; and in the eleventh century Nestor had spoken of the people and river of *Jougra*, in Latin, *Hunugari*; in Greek, *Ougroi*. However unwelcome such an ancestry may be to the modern Hungarian, the historical tree of his race first spread its roots in the same soil.

The very earliest documents represent the Hungarian to us as in the sixth and seventh centuries maintaining himself by the fruits of the chase towards the northern region of the Ural, near the Volga and the sources of the Jaik; and in the thirteenth century travellers encountered, close to the same part of the country, a district called *Great Hungary*, and peopled by a kindred race. In this cradle of their existence the Magyars were surrounded by Finns and Turks, by Baskirs, Khazars, and such Bulgarians as had not migrated beyond the banks of the Danube, and they were soon found out by their especial enemies the Petchenegans. Dependent for their support, as all these nationalities were, on the fish in the rivers, and the milk and flesh meat supplied by their large flocks that fed upon the rich grass of the plains, a wandering life was a necessity with them, and they either preyed upon each other or took up their light tents and by degrees moved further south. At certain times a crisis came, and then, like a surging multitude driven forwards by the numbers crowding behind them, or like a mountain torrent hurled along by the weight of the melting snows, first one Asiatic horde and then another burst the barriers into Europe, and poured down into its valleys and plains. Thus in the ninth century the Khazars first and then the Petchenegans descended upon and drove onward the Magyars till they took refuge in Lebedia, a tract

between the Black Sea and the rivers Don and Dnieper, which derived its name from the Hungarian chief Lebedias. Once more the last named tribe impetuously assailed the Magyars, and while they scattered some few in flight towards Persia and the Euphrates, the main body, under the command of Lebedias, sought a new settlement in *Atel-Kusu*. This double name indicated a country lying between several rivers, and we can well imagine these to have been the Dnieper, the Boug, the Dniester, and the Sereth.

Notwithstanding this frequent exodus the Magyars continued to gather strength and numbers. The influence of the alliance which they had formed with the Khazars led them to wish for a more settled government, and they chose as their prince the young Almus, whose person they invested with a halo of mystery and song. His son Arpad, gathering round him a military confederation of seven chiefs, to whom an eighth was afterwards added, and claiming the title of duke or dux over them, laid the foundations of a national dynasty. Their growing importance soon introduced the Magyars into actual relations with Europe, when the Greek Emperor, Leo the Sixth, called in their aid to punish the Bulgarians for their ravages in Macedonia. Arpad accepted the alliance; he sent his son at the head of an army into Bulgaria, where several victories were gained and much booty was recovered. Their old enemies, however, would not remain at peace with them, and a fresh irruption of the Petchenegans, instigated by a Bulgarian prince, recalled them hastily to their temporary homes in *Atel-Kusu*. They returned only in time to find their last settlement rendered uninhabitable by universal pillage and devastation, and they now marched forward in a north-westerly direction, by way of Kiew in Russia, which they besieged and took in passing. Thence, yielding to the persuasions of the Russians, their enormous force, comprising 216,000 fighting men, and some million souls in all, turned aside into Lodomeria and Galicia, and passed on to the country of Attila and the basin of the Danube. It was in the year 894 that they penetrated the defiles of the Carpathian range, close to the sources of the river Latorcza, and from the heights scanning with their eyes the boundless steppes of the *Alföld*, that even excelled in promise of peace and plenty the plains of *Atel-Kusu* which they had left behind them, they resolved to make these the true home of the Magyar, and this time

they did not fail to carry out their purpose. The country stretching out before them had been the scene of many an invasion since the Huns first spread over it in 377. It was conquered by the Gepidæ in 489, these were succeeded by the Lombards in 526, the Avars came in 568, and Charlemagne conquered it in 799. When the Magyars arrived it was occupied by three different races. In the east were the Wallachians, descended from the Dacians, and now called Roumanians; in the centre reigned two Bulgarian kings over a Finn-Slavonic population; on the west lay the powerful Slav Empire of Moravia, governed by the renowned Swatopluk. Yet who could withstand the terrific shock of such invaders? They had now for long been trained to arms, a severe discipline and admirable order united them as one man. A race of warriors, healthy and vigorous in frame, fired with courage, energy, and determination, their attack was irresistible; nor can we doubt that, while as yet half-civilized pagans, they fell upon the inhabitants with all the impetuosity and ferocity of the Huns or the Avars. Certain it is, that before the six remaining years of the ninth century had run out, the Magyars had swept everything away before them, and had entered into full possession of their future limits, from the Carpathians to the Save, the mountains of Bohemia and the Julian Alps. It was upon this tracing out of the footsteps of Attila at the head of his Huns that the Hungarians founded their claim to be of the same race. Without any definite arguments, and without staying to prove the point, the patriotic assertors of the theory state loosely that Arpad was descended from Attila, as Attila was from Magog. The adoption of ancient Pannonia by Arpad as his future country was by right of inheritance, his invasion was a simple return to a past conquest, while Hun and Hungarian are absolutely synonymous terms. The Tzeklers of the Transylvanian mountains are convinced of their purest descent from Attila's Huns, but unhappily there can be little doubt that they spring from a Magyar tribe which found out the road south before their compatriots. We have already indicated the proofs that the Huns and Hungarians are but vaguely connected, as being only collateral branches of the great Tartar race.

The Magyars had far too deep-rooted a passion for adventure and plunder, and were far too long habituated to a restless and wandering life, to settle down calmly in their new pos-

sessions. From the valley of the Danube they pushed forward their troops towards the middle of Europe, and Italy first fell a prey to their arms. Even in the lifetime of Arpad they vanquished the Lombards on the banks of the Brenta, and next menaced Venice, as but the beginning of a struggle with that state; for they advanced with caution and prudence, sending scouts before them to report on the condition of each country they approached. A few years later Germany was the object of their attack, and then Bavaria, Suabia, and Franconia were invaded almost simultaneously. But in the meantime Arpad had died, occupied during the last years of his life chiefly in consolidating his power and in securing the succession for his last surviving child, Zoltan, a fair-haired child only eleven years of age. The Germans thought to take advantage of the favourable moment, but not far from Presburg, in 907, the Generals Lehel and Bulcs, at the head of the Hungarian cavalry, overpowered them by their new and strange mode of warfare, charging them furiously yet in the most perfect order, simulating flight, and suddenly turning round to send a volley of arrows at their pursuers. The last Carolingian Emperor, Louis the Infant, at the early age of eighteen, found his lot full of many a bitter trial, and in endeavouring to avenge the disaster of Presburg, he sustained a fresh defeat at Augsburg in 910. After his death his successor, Conrad the First, became tributary to the King of Hungary. The year 911 found the Magyars in Alsace; by 923 they were under the walls of Pavia; during the following year they penetrated into the lower valley of the Rhine, then reached the Gulf of Lyons, and stood in sight of Toulouse. In 925 one of their armies ravaged Switzerland, and sacked the monastery of Saint-Gall, as it had already done those of Saint-Die and Remiremont in Lorraine; another army marched northward, and appeared before Rheims.

After this the attention of Zoltan, now become a brilliant soldier of twenty-five years, was drawn to dissensions in Italy, and under pretext of avenging the assassination of his ally Beringer, he led his troops towards the north, and laid siege to Pavia in 943. The town was eventually burnt, and its citizens massacred, leaving comparatively few survivors. The way was now clear for the conqueror up to the foot of the Alps, but here he was guilty of imprudences, and after nearly falling into the hands of the King of France, and of Hugh of Vienna, he withdrew his forces into Italy, nearly decimated by war and by



disease. He was destined to sustain yet another reverse when in 934 Henry the Fowler, Emperor of Germany, gained a bloody victory over him at Merseburg, and so liberated Saxony and the whole valley of the Elbe from his depredations, doing much to injure the prestige of his arms. By no means, however, was the strength of the Magyar really broken. In the very same year an army threatened the Greek Empire, but was turned aside by the arts of diplomacy. Another force crossed the Alps and entered Italy, and was similarly bought off by presents. In France the invasions of the Hungarians had been periodical, and were renewed after very short intervals, the provinces of Champagne, Bourgoyne, Nivernais, Orléanais, as far as the left bank of the Loire, being visited in turn. Under the young Duke Taksony, who at the age of seventeen succeeded his father in the year 947, incursions were made with fresh energy into Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche-Comté, into Flanders as far as Cambray, and into the kingdom of Arles and Languedoc; while Italy again bought peace by a rich bribe. The time had now come, however, when Germany gathered together her full strength against the dangerous neighbour that was always menacing her with ruin. The north and south, Saxony, Suabia, Franconia, Bavaria, all were represented in the German camp at Augsburg under the young Emperor, Otho the Great, in the year 955. The Magyars did full justice to their bravery and prowess; they crushed the Bohemian auxiliaries, but they could not resist the overwhelming numbers arrayed against them, and were completely routed, though many a German prince and noble was left dead by them upon the field. It needed but a similar disaster in 958, at the hands of Constantine, the Emperor of the East, to put an end to all future Hungarian expeditions along the banks of the Rhine; and Taksony, convinced that further conquest was impossible towards either the east or west, gave up all idea of fighting except as an ally, and retired within the limits which the sword of the first conquerors had originally marked out. More than this, he foresaw for his race no better fate than that of the Huns of old, of the Avars and Bulgarians long passed away, unless he could effect some radical and lasting improvement, and lay down a new source of civilization and strength. His son, the Duke of Geiza, saw all this still more plainly, and his reign, lasting from the year 972 to 997, was but a transition state from Hungary Asiatic and pagan to Hungary European and Christian, a preparation for



the more civilized, Christian, and peaceful reign of St. Stephen. Yet even then did the old love of conquest once more break out amongst the Magyars ere their conversion, and they ravaged the bishopric of Passau, that was hostile to their ally, Henry, Duke of Bavaria, when Leopold of Babenberg received Austria as part of his dominions, and driving the Hungarians back from their close proximity to Bavaria, fixed Austria as their extreme western limit.

As regards the pagan religion and worship of the ancient Magyars, by comparing notes between the researches of M. Csengery and M. Ipolyi, we gather some characteristics common to the different divisions of the Finn race, such as the worship of the spirits and forces of nature, the acknowledgment of a Supreme Deity, and a belief in the immortality of the soul. In politics Arpad claimed, on the ground of his conquests, the right to distribute arbitrarily the lands of the vanquished to his companions in victory, and territories were assigned to certain tribes or families rather than to individuals. This measure was a useful protection against the growth of despotism, more especially as the eight tribes instituted by Arpad, together with one hundred subdivisions or families, preserved a political as well as a social position, and could in self-defence even arm separate expeditions on their own account. In the succession of the ducal power the order of primogeniture was not strictly followed, but within the Arpad family the fittest member might be chosen by election or acclamation. There was also a supreme judiciary court and a general assembly of chiefs assisted by a number of freemen which held in check the exercise of the chief rule. Finally, the conquerors were not spread up and down amongst a vanquished race or people, as the Normans were amongst the Anglo-Saxons, but they formed a compact body in the centre of the country, so that their own independence and individual strength were not weakened. Hence their rulers, to strengthen their own position, readily called in strangers to serve as a militia wholly subservient to the prince and attracted to him by royal presents and by offices of importance. The Magyars themselves were all nobles, they regarded each other as brethren, and hence that wide-spread inferior nobility, which pervades Hungary as a bond of union and a sinew of national strength. This early period of Magyar history is barren in information that can be depended on, and especially so as to any trace of early intellectual culture or primitive industries.

Duke Geiza is the first Christian of the line of Arpad, and the precursor of the reign and policy of St. Stephen. The preaching of Christianity filtered into the hearts and households of the Magyars along with their admission of the foreigner into marriage relationships. For his second wife Geiza made choice of Adelaide of Poland, sister of the Grand Duke Miczislav. She had sufficient tact to recommend her faith by the adoption of the chivalrous manners and habits of the brave Magyar ladies. Wojtech, or St. Adalbert, Bishop of Prague, by race a Czech, obtained leave of Geiza to build churches and to summon missionaries from Bohemia to his aid in preaching the Gospel throughout the country. To him God granted the conversion of the Duke himself; and soon after he baptized, under the name of Stephen, the young prince Waik, who was then only twenty years of age. St. Adalbert carried his labours as far as the shores of the Baltic, where he was martyred for his faith. From the time that they became Christian the scions of the line of Arpad entered into alliances with the royal families of Europe. One of the daughters of Geiza married Aba, Prince of Kabar; another espoused Boleslaus the brave, Duke of Poland; a third was united to Urseoli, Doge of Venice. The neophyte Stephen sought in marriage the Bavarian Princess Gisela, sister of the Emperor Henry the Second, thus allying the greater refinement of the western and Latin race with the advancing civilization of the Magyar. In 997 the death of his father left him in sole possession of the duchy, three years later Pope Sylvester the Second acknowledged him as King of Hungary, sent to him the royal diadem, destined at first for the King of Poland, thanked him for his apostolic zeal, and granted him full liberty to complete his good work in the foundation of bishoprics and abbeys. On the 15th of August St. Stephen was solemnly crowned at Gran, and though his own individual character and his personal history are shrouded in much obscurity, he yet lives in the great works which his reign achieved. He has been called the Charlemagne of the Hungarians, possessed of that great Emperor's military skill and daring, his warlike tastes, his religious zeal, his power to command, and his genius for legislation. He exacted respect for his authority as firmly as he urged the acceptance of the true faith. Koppány, a powerful chief who turned rebel in the cause of his former freedom and his false gods, was subdued and slain, whereupon another dis-

closed the growing despair of paganism by committing suicide ; and in 1002 Gyala, a fomenter of resistance against Church authority, was taken prisoner along with his whole family, and did not regain his liberty but at the price of receiving Christian baptism. After this the exterior profession of Christianity was made obligatory upon the whole people. St. Stephen brought all Transylvania under his rule, establishing a bishopric in one part, and founding a Bavarian colony in the other, under the control of his Queen Gisela. The deaths of two other rebellious chiefs secured for the new prince complete unity throughout all his kingdom.

The Protestant historian candidly acknowledges both the ability of St. Stephen for government and the sincerity of his piety. Although steadfast in his obedience to the Latin Church, the King retained in his civil rule the traditions of liberty brought from the steppes of western Asia, and faithfully adhered to by successive generations. Among these were the sacredness of hearth and home ; the imposition of a pecuniary fine in criminal cases, proportioned to the wealth and position of the offender ; and penalties for crimes, which were often very cruel. Daughters inherited on an equality with sons, and their persons were protected by most minute and definite laws. St. Stephen's earliest legislation included the germs of the future chamber of magnates and assembly of deputies, nor is it without interest to touch on his care for religious worship. Besides the payment of tithes, every ten villages or farms within a certain range were bound to assess themselves for the construction and maintenance of a church, providing it with lands, with carts and horses, with six oxen, two cows, and with thirty pigs or sheep. Those who refused to observe fast or feast, fasted for eight days in prison ; the disturbers of public services were whipped and had their heads shaved ; he who misspent Sunday was deprived of his cattle and his clothes, and had to redeem them at the expense of his skin—that is, of a beating. Perverts from the Catholic religion were to be several times warned by their bishops, and then handed over to the secular arm. Finally, the unbaptized could not receive Christian nor honourable burial. The King constituted himself the true father of his people and of his clergy. In the social community there were three divisions—the nobility, not strictly hereditary, nor essentially different from simple freemen ; the class of freemen, being inhabitants of towns and villages, and for the most part

foreigners; lastly, the slaves, whom St. Stephen did not at once set free, but to whom he secured fair treatment and full protection, while he facilitated individual emancipation. Private property could be left to wife, children, parents, or the Church; but about half the lands belonged to the crown, and could be held in feof from the King either by laymen, or by bishoprics and religious houses, subject to the rendering of the usual feudal rights and services, and amongst them were either freemen, or soldiers and vassals, or artisans and servants.

On the 15th of August, 1038, and on the thirty-eighth anniversary day of his coronation, St. Stephen died, deserving to rank as one of the greatest legislators of the middle ages, and a chief founder of the Hungarian Kingdom. The forty years which followed were a season of trouble and anarchy, of civil wars at home and of dynastic struggles abroad, marked by many an attempt at intervention on the part of Germany. The period yielded only two Hungarian kings of great note, Ladislaus and Koloman, under whom the Magyar race battled incessantly to the north, west, and south of their country, against Poland, Bohemia, Germany, and the Empire of the East, yet with varying success; consolidating themselves indeed within their own territories, but making no fresh conquests. Koloman readily accepted the title of King in 1077, and notified his accession to Gregory the Seventh, who in the year 1081 formally published the canonization of King Stephen. Between the dates of 1091 and 1095, the year of his death, Ladislaus brought out the three volumes of his laws, the first of which is chiefly occupied with ecclesiastical enactments. These assert the social pre-eminence of the clergy, and betray also a leaning to the usages of the Greek Church, especially in the matter of the single marriage of priests. Bishops are confirmed in all their powers, as regards jurisdiction in matrimonial as well as other causes, and in the right to levy tithes. Particularly stringent were the laws against paganism, as also in the other volumes against thieving and all acts of violence to the person. In proof of the prudence and forethought of the King may be mentioned the powers granted to all royal couriers to press into their services whatever horses they required; again, he directed that many functions of great variety and importance should be performed by men of humble rank, neither in complete servitude nor yet enjoying full freedom, and these he formed into a sort of gendarmerie. As far as times permitted he was a pro-

tectionist, and prohibited the exportation not only of horses but of cattle. Death found his mind pre-occupied with the passage of the crusaders in large bodies through Hungary, though at the same moment his thoughts were far more keenly bent on a campaign in favour of Poland against Bohemia.

Ladislaus left after him a daughter married to the Greek Emperor, and two nephews, of whom the younger, Almus, was the people's favourite, as more amiable and gracious to the eye; but the other, Koloman, though less pleasing both physically and morally, was destined to be one of the most energetic kings of Hungary. His father and uncle had chosen the Church for his career, and his past studies had given him so strong a taste for learning, that, on his coming to the throne, Pope Urban the Second could pass a rare eulogium on his acquaintance with letters both sacred and profane, and even with canon law, so greatly of service to a monarch who had to dispense justice. Almus, now Ban of Croatia, called in his brother's aid to reduce Peter, the chief of the Croates, to submission; but with the chieftain's death the voluntary subjection of Croatia ceased. Towards this country, as well as towards Dalmatia, Koloman adopted a more conciliatory policy than his brother: he guaranteed to both a collective independence, and, establishing a sort of personal and external union between them and Hungary, he was crowned by Crescentius King of Croatia and Dalmatia. Notwithstanding a certain impatience of ecclesiastical authority which characterized the whole line of St. Stephen's dynasty, and reminds us of the attitude maintained by the Catholic Kings of England before its abandonment of the faith, Koloman yielded obedience to the spirit of the Church on several points of discipline. Thus under him the celibacy of priests became obligatory, half of the property of deceased prelates belonged to the Church, the episcopal authority was likewise extended and confirmed, and in 1106 the right of investiture was conceded to the Court of Rome. The last years of the monarch's life were embittered by the infidelity of his second wife, and by a succession of conspiracies stirred up against him by his brother Almus; but still more sadly were they darkened by that terrible act of sudden passion which deprived of sight his guilty brother and his perfectly innocent nephew, a child only five years old. This act of barbarous cruelty was punished in the vices and maladministration of his son, Stephen the Second, who succeeded him in 1114. The



loss of his eyesight did not prevent the accession of Bela the Second to the throne in 1131, nor his enjoyment of a peaceful reign of ten years, in spite of the ambitious and vengeful temper of his Queen, Helen, a Serbian princess. In Geiza the Second we have once more a royal minor of but ten summers; yet his virtuous disposition and the wise counsels of his Serbian uncle secured for these a fruitful autumn in one of the happiest reigns of that century. It was in his day that a flourishing German colony was planted in Transylvania, and after ruling wisely for twenty years in very troubled times, he left his power to his son, Stephen the Third, whose authority was disputed both by his Uncle Stephen and by his Uncle Ladislaus, and who yet, when dying childless eleven years afterwards, was succeeded by his brother, Bela the Third. The very marked leaning of this Prince towards the ancient Empire of Constantine, and towards an alliance by marriage that seemed about to place him on the throne of Greece, caused considerable alarm in the breasts of his own people and of the ecclesiastics of the realm. A plot was even formed in favour of his brother. The young King, however, with wise forbearance and great tact, aided by his successes in Galicia and on the Adriatic, not only fully reconciled himself with his subjects, but by his union with the Princess Margaret of France, by his growing sympathy with the crusades, and by his zealous maintenance of religious foundations, regained the entire confidence of the Catholic bishops and clergy.

Two principles of authority had not ceased to gain fresh strength since the death of Koloman: one was that feudal system which fostered the growth of a powerful oligarchy, the other was the influence of the Church and the supremacy of the Holy See. We have seen a little of that constant struggle between members of the same royal family, or between the State and the different princedoms or more powerful empires around it, which called forth habitual appeals to the patriotism of the richest nobles and highest dignitaries of the kingdom. They had to be rewarded or gained over by especial privileges and presents, and by this policy the royal power was weakened and impoverished, while the magnates and prelates really lorded it over all the country round them. No doubt industries and commerce had received a great impetus, and revenue came in from different colonies and from the valuable mines of Transylvania; but then high duties on all articles sold and the



extension of feudal rights pressed heavily on the produce of the country, and on the lower and middle classes. Again, the favour which Bela the Third showed to learning added greatly to the influence and importance of the clergy, as also did his improvements in the judicature. The feudal system still further increased their power and their wealth, religious and military orders and rich abbeys lent fresh weight and importance to the position of the Church, and many felt that the Court of Rome was combined with the oligarchy in dominating the country and the throne itself. Such was the state of things that M. Sayous represents as tending to the subversion of all order and to an immediate and complete dissolution of the kingdom. The two sons of Bela renewed the anarchy and civil strife of former years; on the decease of his elder brother, together with his infant son, Andrew the Second was declared King. In fulfilment of a vow made beside his father's death-bed, and hitherto neglected, he prepared to join the crusade to the Holy Land in 1217; but, soon discouraged, he returned to find his kingdom in greater peril than before, yet did he not forget, on his way back, the policy of grand alliances of which his predecessors had left him so many examples. At Antioch he obtained for his youngest son the hand of a daughter of Leo, King of Armenia; at Nice he arranged a marriage between Bela, his heir, and the daughter of the Emperor Theodore Lascaris; on his way through Bulgaria he affianced his daughter Mary to its new King, Asan.

Andrew signalized his return by measures of vigorous reform, supported in the celebrated Diet of 1222 by men of all ranks and orders in the State. His Constitution received the title of the *Bulla Aurea*, or the Golden Bull, so often appealed to by Magyar patriots. This grand charter introduced a new constitutional era, and its very first article laid an obligation upon the King to hold every year a formal assembly at Alba-Royale, with a right reserved for the nobles to meet together even in his absence. Another clause defined the military service to be rendered by those of noble rank, which in the case of an invasion from without was to be free and generous; but when invasion was carried into other countries, then this service could not be exacted, and must be requited at the royal cost. Without the approbation of the Diet neither could strangers be advanced to any dignity, nor could any grant of lands be made to them. The rich were not to be allowed to despoil or tyrannize in any

way over the poor, and magistrates, convicted of abusing their power were to be deposed and held bound to restitution. The tenure of magistracies and offices was no longer supposed to be hereditary. However powerful a man might be he could not take up the cause of one judicially condemned. The whole document concludes with this remarkable passage: *If any one of our successors, or if we ourselves seek to act in opposition to this our ordinance, then the bishops, or the other magnates and nobles of the land, collectively or separately, now living or in the future, have full right to make remonstrance, and stand up in opposition to us and our successors,* WITHOUT THE STIGMA OF ANY ACT OF INFIDELITY. This Constitution was in many points of course imperfect; it was followed by several supplementary enactments, but it did much to preserve the unity and political vitality of the nation; it supplied some guarantees of individual liberty, it acknowledged the principle of responsibility in the administration of justice, it laid certain restrictions on the King himself. The most energetic reformer of all, and somewhat inconsiderate in his zeal, was Bela, the heir to the crown; but his firmness was of great service in preserving his father from acts of weakness and injustice. In 1231 the *Bulla Aurea* was reconfirmed; and in 1235 to an inefficient ruler succeeded one whose talents and energy withstood ruder shocks for the long period of thirty-five years.

The increase of natural vitality and endurance likely to result from these laws did not come a moment too soon. A fresh inundation from the north-east was about to precipitate itself over those fair lands, where so many invasions had already carried devastation and destruction. The Mongols passed down from the north of Russia, and forcing their way through the Carpathian fastnesses, under the leadership of Batou, grandson of Gengis-Khan, directed the full force of their attack against the country that first lay across their path. Nobly, in truth, did the Magyars, themselves christianized only in the eleventh century, stand up to bear the brunt in behalf of all civilized Europe, first in the thirteenth century, against a race having no definite religion, and then by a fresh act of bravery in the fifteenth, against fanatic Mussulmans like the Osmanlis. It was in 1241 that half a million of men, having their strong life doubly invigorated by conquest and rapine, burst unexpectedly with crushing effect on a country still agitated by divisions, still deficient in organized troops. Not only did the

Hungarians see the Cumans, a race of Turkish origin, inclined to make common cause with the invaders—a tendency which they themselves through imprudent severity changed into the closest and most disastrous alliance—but they saw themselves abandoned by the Slavs of Poland and Bohemia, the Germans in Austria, and the Italians of Venice and Dalmatia. The Sovereign Pontiff alone, yet not till it was too late, preached a crusade against the Mongols. They were already before the walls of Pesth, and were conquerors at Waitzen and Liegnitz; but the final blow was dealt to the royal army on the banks of the Sajo, where 100,000 men are said by one authority, and 65,000 by another, to have been slain. The Tartar loss, however, was serious enough to damp somewhat of their ardour and delay their advance; and, until the winter frosts set in, they found another obstacle in the wide streams of the Danube. Within two years, massacre and devastation had filled with misery and made into a wilderness the whole extent of the country. Bela twice escaped death as by miracle, and hastened to the Austrian frontier in disguise, whither he had sent before him his family, his treasures, and the royal crown. The Archduke Frederick of Austria, who rendered him some little assistance at first, finding the King asleep from sheer exhaustion on the banks of a river in Moravia, offered him treacherous hospitality in the castle of Haimburg, and there, taking advantage of reverses which had saved his own dominions, he wrung from him a virtual concession of the three Hungarian counties lying next to his states, and further, in payment of some pretended debt, robbed him of the jewels of his crown. The sieges of Varad and of Gran stand out as examples of the savage ferocity which marked every act in this terrible visitation, and filled all Europe with horror. But the rage of the invader was chiefly directed against the person of the King, and he was relentlessly pursued from one refuge to another, even along the coasts and islands of Dalmatia, until the final retreat of the barbarians. They were still masters of the situation, when either disappointment at the difficulties which they had encountered, or still more likely the news of the death of the grand Khan Ogodar induced Batou to return home and look after his own personal interests. His army, however, did not retire without the perpetration of fresh cruelties and havoc, marking its footsteps with blood.

With surprising patience and rapidity the country recovered

from its desolation. The Cumans were very wisely forgiven their treachery during the war. Strangers, and especially German colonists, were invited to come and form settlements; towns were rebuilt, and more strongly fortified than before. Not much remains to be narrated concerning the achievements of the last monarchs of the line of Arpad. Their political relationships to the House of Austria were the most important. Bela took up arms to punish the perfidy of the Archduke, and was avenged in his death, and in the extinction of the dynasty of Babenberg. He took advantage of the desire for independence in Styria, occupied the country, and caused his son Stephen to be proclaimed king, thus making an enemy both of Bohemia and of Germany, and a very doubtful gain to him of Styria itself. Meantime the kingdom was gradually recovering strength under Bela's prudent management, and on every side the frontiers were made more secure. Towards the year 1254, Hungary was once more one of the most respected and influential monarchies. Yet the last years of Bela's life were embittered by the ingratitude of Stephen, and he sought to put his youngest son Bela in his place. But it was Stephen who negotiated with the Duke of Anjou the marriages between the little Prince Ladislaus, afterwards king, and Isabella of Naples, and between Charles the Lamé, future king of the Two Sicilies, and Stephen's own daughter, Mary. About this time the oath of fidelity to the *Bulla Aurea* was renewed, with the important addition of a clause requiring that an assembly be formed of representatives of rank to discuss public affairs pending the annual meetings of the Diet at Alba-Royale. Feuds within the royal family were happily ended by the death of Bela, whom Stephen succeeded for only two years. The reign of Ladislaus the Fourth extended over eighteen years, to the misfortune of his country, for though it could not but rejoice in the decisive victory gained by him over Ottocar, it was disgusted at his debauched life and unworthy patronage of the half pagan Cuman race in return for their very doubtful conversion to the Catholic Church. The death of Ladislaus, in 1290, left but one member living of the Arpad line. This was Andrew, grandson of the second of that name, a prince also of strong predilections and overweening independence, easily accounted for by his Venetian birth and education. His learning, capacity, and gentleness, united with strength of will, were such as would in themselves have well graced the last appearance of this dynasty

in the history of the kingdom which it had founded ; but his succession was disputed both by Charles Martel of Naples, and by Albert of Austria. Nor was it acknowledged by the Holy See, with which his Venetian tendencies brought him into undutiful opposition.

The last grand act of the dynasty, now at its close, was strangely significant of the future destiny of Hungary, and connects its influence with the present moment. On August 14, 1278, Ladislaus the Fourth joined his large force of 56,000 Hungarians and Cumans to the little army of the Emperor Rudolph, engaged against the Bohemians at Dürrenkrut. The fortune of war turned against the Emperor when the King's troops captured the son of Ottocar, and created a panic amongst the enemy, and thus it was by the direct help of Hungary that the strong dynasty which now rules over her was founded. Yet twelve years had scarcely passed ere Rudolph himself claimed Hungary as a fief of the Empire.

J. G. M'L.

## *From Bruges to Winchester.*

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THE MIGRATION OF A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY IN 1794.

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[The following account of the flight of the Franciscan Community now at Taunton is taken from a contemporary manuscript by one of the Sisters.]

IN proportion as the time approached when we were finally to quit our convent, the news from the armies of alternate repulses and victories became more alarming, and we had the precaution to pack up some portion of our goods. On the 1st of May, 1794, Mr. Merckem called on Reverend Mother Abbess, Mary Gertrude Simeon Weld, and told her the French army was rapidly approaching and that he thought she had better that very evening proceed with her nuns towards the frontiers of Holland, that we might remain the night at a country house of a sister of his, near the village of Koelkercke, and proceed the next day to a farm near Aremberg, another village a few miles from Sluys, about ten or twelve miles from Bruges. The farmer was a tenant of one of Mr. Merckem's relatives, and he would take care we should have every accommodation. She yielded to his view of the case, and informed the community of the urgent necessity of the moving.

At four o'clock that afternoon Matins and Lauds were said in the choir, which being of the feast of St. Athanasius, the Gospel of St. Matthew, *Cum persequentur vos in civitate ista fugite in aliam*, came very à propos to stimulate us to fortitude under these distressing circumstances, by reminding us of many holy souls in ages gone by who had suffered more than we were likely to endure. After Matins, we went to supper, and then assembled in a large room adjoining the Refectory denominated the chapter-house. Reverend Father Grafton came in to escort us. No secular dress having been provided, we put on our overcasts and proceeded two and two, accompanied by our young ladies, to the back gate in the garden, as nearer the ramparts than the regular inclosure door. No one can conceive



what we all felt in passing the threshold. Reverend Father Joseph Purcell and the two Reverend French priests joined us as soon as we had past our premises. The infirm went in a coach, and waggons had been provided to carry such effects as had been packed up.

Koelkercke is about three miles from Bruges. The evening was beautiful, and we were received with great kindness and hospitality by Madame Stoppens, Mr. Merckem's sister, her mother, and another lady. It was however evident that it was a great inconvenience to the lady to lodge so many, even for one night. A parlour below stairs was assigned us for a bed-chamber; beds were spread on the floor, and there we laid down to rest. To sleep was impossible. At daybreak most of us arose and went into the garden or pleasure-grounds to say our Hours. The parish church of Koelkercke was about half a mile off. Thither we walked, at least all who could, at a very early hour, our reverend gentlemen accompanying us. The good curate was kind and civil. There were three altars in this neat country church. Our priests said Mass for us, which comforted and refreshed us, and we then walked back, and got a sort of breakfast, sitting on bales in the hall, feeling and looking very miserable, and not knowing what we were to do next. Mr. Merckem however soon ended our suspense: he came from Bruges with the glad tidings that Landrecy had been taken by the Allies under General Prince Coburg, and that we might therefore go back to our convent. The ladies insisted on our previously dining at this villa, and had, we found, prepared an abundant meal for us. It was served up in a long nice room, which from its situation we conjectured to be what in an English house one should call a servants' hall. The ladies and Miss Merckem waited upon us at dinner, and according to Flemish hospitality, pressed us so much to eat, that we never could have walked home that night if we had fully complied with their kind wishes. We said our office, and then taking leave with gratitude of our hostess, set out on our walk home. We soon met a party of gentlemen from Bruges. One of them was an acquaintance, a physician who had practised at our convent, but who was too much the philosopher of the age for us to continue to avail ourselves of his great medical skill. He said sarcastically as he passed us, "A fine evening for a walk, ladies!" at which we felt equally provoked and mortified.

We had left our house in charge of our servants, and here may be a proper place to introduce them to our readers. One was a very valuable maid, Dorothea Goetalls, who had lived completely twenty-four years with the community; an aunt of hers, Anna or Hannah Goetalls, had served the convent fifty-two years, died in our service 1779, and was buried in the cloisters. These maids always held the office of third in the kitchen. Thea, the Flemish diminutive for Dorothea, was affectionately attached to the community, which was reciprocal, and we would willingly have kept her with us, but her love for her relations and country prevailed, and she could not make up her mind to our uncertain prospects. We had two relations of hers, gardeners, who were only at the convent by day, James and Laurence; and we had a man-servant who lived without at the Father's apartments, served Masses, and went on commissions, who shall be nameless. He turned out a good for nothing fellow.

To return from this digression, we arrived at our convent about seven o'clock, to the inexpressible joy of poor Thea and the servants within, and to our own great comfort. Supper was soon served up in the refectory, to which we sat down without form or order, and talked over the adventures of the preceding twenty-four hours. We then retired to our dear cells, and got a good night's sleep. The church bell ringing to Prime the next morning, announced our return to our neighbours, who heartily rejoiced to get us back.

We could not flatter ourselves that we should long remain stationary. We tried to hope it, and dreaded to allow ourselves to believe we must shortly quit. At this distance of time, and under the present aspect of Catholicity in England, it may appear strange that we did not at once determine, in case of being obliged to leave Princenhoff, to sail at once from Ostend, only twelve miles off, to England, where we might have landed in a few hours. But England was the very last place to present itself to our minds and wishes. We considered it neither eligible or possible, if we meant to keep together as a religious community, which indeed was our most ardent desire. There appeared to us no human probability of its being tolerated, considering prejudices, and the penal laws still in existence, which would not even allow us to carry into the kingdom either church stuff or church books or breviaries or crucifixes. All our views turned to some temporary asylum, where we could

remain altogether till the events of war might so turn as to enable us to go back to our beloved convent.

Some of the young nuns got very uneasy about what they imagined a very unnecessary walk out of the inclosure on the 1st of May, because it happened to have turned out so. Sister J. F. Chantal stated the case, and sent it to a Mr. Saingevin, an eminent divine from the University of Douay, a friend to our friars and confessor to our French nuns, who was in Bruges. He had been received, when obliged to leave France, by the English Austins in the town. He answered most satisfactorily and decidedly, that the vow of inclosure was conditional, it was a protection and guard to the more essential vows, that there was abundant proof of the urgency of quitting the town if the French armies came into it. The conduct of the officers and soldiers in France, and even in other places, as at Menin, not far off, proved it of paramount necessity; that the Superior, who must have more knowledge of the state of things than any individual amongst the private religious, was the proper judge of when that necessity was approaching; and that if only one nun, relying on her Superior's judgment, went out with her, she would be the only one who would do right. This decision took away all scruple. One, however, was inclined to remain behind, under the idea that she could by her presence keep possession and preserve much for the community, and perhaps even save the house from destruction. It was Sister Mary Austin Hutton, who certainly would have had more courage than any other to enable her to compete with these French rogues, yet she would have found herself quite unequal and disappointed in the arduous undertaking.

Notwithstanding this mental preparation, we continued so reluctant to the idea of quitting, that actual preparations went on slowly and negligently. The Superiors had not courage to order secular clothes to be made, for fear of depressing the spirits of the nuns. The Flemish ladies used to wear over their dress a Quaker-coloured Camlet mantle which reached from the neck to the heels, called a capotte. The Abbess was at the expense of getting one for every nun, and each a cap and black silk hood: all which might cover over the religious dress, and at first supply the place of secular clothes. During the six weeks, however, that elapsed between our walk to Koelkercke and our final emigration, our beautiful and valuable organ was taken down. It was a double organ, and as much as a complete

organ was supposed to be properly packed for removing, by a man paid for the purpose. How he served us will be seen in the sequel. Sister Mechtilda Plowden, then Mistress of the School, took care that all that could be removed belonging to the school should be packed up: bed curtains, window curtains, books, and the like. Sister F. Chantal, who, besides being Mistress of Novices, was Sacristan, secured all the vestments and church linen and silver that was in her keeping within the inclosure. The Vicaress, Sister Xaveria Longmer, saw to the packing of bed curtains, window curtains, and a good deal of pewter, enough for immediate use, was put up; as likewise office books and things of absolute necessity, as clothing; but much pewter was left behind, books in the library and for private use, all the pictures in public rooms and cells, all the crucifixes in the cell oratories, an organized grand pianoforte, a double barrel organ, another grand piano, quite new, given to Sister Jane Frances by her father, several spinnets, all the every-day vestments kept in the outward sacristy and the two porphyry urns and a marble one in the church containing the hearts of our friends were entirely forgot in the midst of this grief and confusion. It is very certain that having chiefly emigrated by sea and with ships hired for ourselves, we might have brought all the valuable things as far as London with scarcely any additional expense, but, partly from the fear of having too much luggage, partly from the idea that unless we came back to Princenhoff they would be useless or an incumbrance, made our two Superiors leave them behind. Every nun was provided with a good large *sac de nuit*, or knapsack, for a change of linen, and each contrived to cram in some odd volume or pet book or thing, even writing-boxes. The Abbess likewise gave every one a little purse with a few shillings, that in case of accidental separation each might have a little sum to pay for a meal or two or a night's lodging.

On the 14th of June, being the Saturday in Whitsun week, the Abbess was informed by Mr. Merckem that the garrison in Landrecy had surrendered to the French, and that the French would shortly be in Flanders; he urged our getting off without loss of time to the frontiers of Holland, as he had planned before. He even advised our leaving the town by break of day, for he thought the magistrates likely to order the gates to be kept shut, that no one might go out of it. He bid her take the nuns to his sister's, and he would send

carriages there to take them on to the farm near Aremberg, where he had already sent a profusion of good blankets and other necessities.

The Abbess let the nuns in general go to bed ignorant of what was to come, though many suspected it. Matins were said as usual at midnight, and during them those not there were called up and informed of the bad news. Mass was said at one o'clock Trinity Sunday morning; all went to Communion, and after the usual half-hour's thanksgiving and crosses, adjourned to the refectory to breakfast. Then the capottes and hoods were brought forth for each one to cover up her religious dress. In the midst of our grief we had a laughable scene in fitting ourselves and our poor old jubilarians, a tall one taking a short capotte, a little one a long one, so that we were not so expeditiously suited as in our bustle we were attempting. This transient amusement did us a little good. When equipped, Mr. Grafton came in to muster us for our march. We had one coach for the old nuns. Mother Mary Catherine Dormer had not quite recovered breaking her kneecap in the preceding winter. When ready to set off, Sister Mary Austin was found missing; as the young nuns suspected she would endeavour to stay behind, they were on the watch. Mr. Grafton soon discovered her in her hiding-hole, and brought her out to join *his regiment*. We again went through our garden and out of the town by the Esel gate, and the guards at that gate were overheard to say, "Those nuns ought not to be allowed to leave the town." No one was up at Madame Stoppen's when we arrived there; we therefore went into the gardens and said our Hours; that accomplished, finding the promised carriages not yet arrived, many of us, with two of our reverend gentlemen, walked on another two or three miles to another village called Damme, which lay on the road we were to go. There, quite tired, we sat down on some grass in an open space, and our reverend gentlemen went to try to procure us some refreshments. In the meantime the good people had seen us. Many wept at the sight, and the curate's mother, who kept his house, forced us to come to it, and with the utmost kindness and hospitality served up with the greatest expedition an excellent breakfast. Just as we had finished our second morning's repast the church bell rang to High Mass, we wished much and intended to go to it, but alas! the carriages were arrived, some with those who had not joined in our long

walk, and others empty to take us up. There were two or three or four coaches and the farmer's covered cart, with rows of benches, so that it held twelve of us, and the farmer drove it. We arrived about one o'clock at the farm. It is situated quite in the country, a quarter of a mile from the village church, and a short mile from an inlet of the sea, where a small Dutch ship, hired by Mr. Merckem, waited till we determined to move on. As usual in the houses in Flanders there was one single garret over the whole house, probably used for a granary. It had one pane of glass to give light at each end, and one mounted to it by a species of ladder. Beds were spread on its floor, and thirty of us slept in it, in one of the hottest summers ever known. There was a very good room below where our two oldest jubilarians, a lay-sister, and the young ladies were accommodated. Our four reverend gentlemen had very decent lodgings in an out-house. We had the use of the kitchen, and our own Sisters cooked for us; we had our provisions from Sluys. There was not far from the house a very large barn, divided into different compartments. We turned a part which ran through its depths into both refectory and choir. Planks of wood raised on straw against wooden panels on both sides served for to sit upon, one large table at the top and a few chairs for the Superiors and priests, and to carve on; the rest kept their plates on their knees, and one plate served for two mostly. At the end of the compartment we selected, and at the side of it, were a few steps to a very neat well-floored little granary, then empty. It was about twelve feet square, and the door opened at the upper end of our choir; this was turned into a chapel and a confessional, and we had daily Masses there. We said the office regularly in this barn, Prime and Hours as usual at six; Vespers earlier than our convent hours, and Matins so as to be finished for the quarter after five, when we supped.

We were frequently visited towards the end of Lauds by the cows coming into the yard before the barn to be milked. They seemed to peep up to the choir in amazement, and one day they began to take a walk down the middle just as we were beginning the *Benedictus* at Lauds, some took fright and scampered off, others leaped over the panel into the straw on the other side of it, and so Lauds were finished by each one to themselves. We worked and kept school in the fields, and took a walk after supper, but the farmer's wife would allow no



one to be out after eight o'clock, and very strictly locked us up at that hour, because all her people rose at four in the morning. As we suffered a martyrdom from gnats in the garret, besides the suffocating heat, some preferred lying on clean straw in the open barn, and seceded from the rest. During our stay at this place printed calico was purchased for secular dresses, and a couple of tailors from Sluys hired to help to make them. They set to work in a distinct part of this same barn. The dress was a loose bedgown, which tied round the neck, and had a string run through the middle which drew to fit anybody; it came to the heels in length, and had close long sleeves; besides this a coloured cotton handkerchief by way of shawl was procured for each. At the end of a week two of our nuns were sent back with two of our priests to Bruges to bring away a few more things, and they took our dirty linen to be washed by our maids and other secular women we occasionally employed. They returned the same day.

About this time we were joined by a Monsieur Harley from Douay, not a priest, but who had been a professor in the University, and was an intimate friend of our Fathers; he wished to accompany us to Holland, and we were very happy to oblige him. On the 26th of June Mr. Merckem came from Bruges to inform us that the French were in it, and brought with him one of their lying manifestos, by which religion and all its privileges were guaranteed. He advised us to return, and said he should not emigrate. We were not tempted to follow his advice. The Abbess expressed as well as she was able her gratitude and that of her community for the kind and invaluable attentions and service he had paid us, and he then took leave, and it was resolved to set sail with the next day's high tide, which the captain said would be at noon. The rest of that day was spent in preparations for the voyage. The Abbess settled accounts with the good woman, secular dresses were distributed ready to be put on, and the Abbess ordered all our writing boxes to be left behind. This to some was a great sacrifice, for they contained much that each wished to preserve, and probably the contents went not only into the knapsacks, but into pockets, considerably increasing the dimensions of each person, which was no small inconvenience, as will be seen presently.

We retired to rest as usual, and when all in our first sleep were roused by the captain, who said the tide served, and he

must sail immediately. This put us all into confusion, and sadly distressed us, especially for our poor old nuns, who, though taken to the coast in some sort of vehicle, were ill-fitted for the jolting. It was a dark night, and a walk, loaded as we were, of nearly a mile, may be easily conceived to have been a most unpleasant one. But, behold! no sooner were we all on board than the captain went to bed, and the mate told us he was drunk, and that there was no question of sailing till twelve the next morning. Of course we were much displeased; however, to make the best of it, as soon as it was light, we several of us went back to the farm, got a fire lighted in the kitchen, boiled water, and prepared a breakfast in the barn ready for any who would walk a mile to get it, which all that could did, and we sent to the ship as much of it as we could manage. Many little things which in the night's confusion had been left behind, were secured, and carried down to the vessel.

All were again on board for twelve o'clock, and just as we were going to set sail a most heartrending scene occurred. Our poor faithful gardener James Goetalls, knowing we should be distressed for the linen we had sent to Bruges to be washed, got a cart and put the linen all dripping wet upon it, and drove with all the speed he could through the French guard, at the risk of being arrested. He arrived at the side of the vessel in an agony of grief; the poor man wept, raised his hands, wrung them; the scene is indescribable; we all wept too, and by every sign we could make expressed our feelings. No one who witnessed this sad farewell can ever forget it. Here we must take leave to make a digression concerning this affectionate faithful servant. He had a little cottage out of Bruges where he usually lodged, and kept all his little property and savings. After we left the convent he went to reside there with his cousins, to take care of the house, &c.; he buried all the remaining pewter and other things of that sort in the garden, which he continued to cultivate, and sold its produce. In the meantime thieves rifled his cottage of all he was worth, of all the money he had saved for his old age, and seeing no prospect of our return he considered himself plunged in misery and reduced to beggary. This calamity coming on a man of strong feelings, drove him mad. It was in vain that our agent, a Mr. Stanfield, an English broker, assured him from us of a maintenance for life; he could not understand it, and was incapable of comfort. We believe he did not long survive.

To return to our vessel. Our wet linen was hung over and all about the ship to-day, to our inexpressible mortification and annoyance. It was a miserably small vessel, had one cabin, and a hold for goods, which being empty was our general sleeping room, and so crowded were we on its floor that we literally lay so close to each other as not to have room to turn; of course it must be allowed the *full crammed pockets* added to this discomfort. The ship's crew consisted of the captain, a mate, and a boy. We never went out to sea so as to lose sight of land, but *wriggled* along, twisting and twirling between all those small islands which lay on the coast of Holland. We passed Flushing, we sailed in sight of Middleburg. On the second day we descried in our rear a *shipload of nuns*. Mr. Grafton went off in the boat to reconnoitre and visit them. They were our neighbours the English Austins from Bruges. It cannot be above eighty or ninety English miles from Sluys (from near which we sailed) to Rotterdam. We were three days and nights in the voyage, and only arrived at Rotterdam at an early hour in the morning of St. Peter and Paul, which fell that year on the Sunday.

We went in small parties, escorted by one of our reverend gentlemen, to the public chapels to hear Mass; conducted Mdlle. Bruley to her mother, and returned to our ship. Madame Bruley, Reverend Mother Abbess, and Sister Mechtilda Plowden went on to Delft to provide a house. The community remained all day on deck under a scorching sun, or suffocated nearly with heat in the hold; hundreds of persons standing on the shore staring with mouths wide open. It was not like an English or Flemish or French crowd or mob: these Dutchmen were neither civil nor rude, kind or unkind, merry or sad, but stood silently gazing and gaping; it being Sunday they had nothing to do. A parson and his wife came on board, and seemed really full of compassion. Dame Mary Ann Rayment and another nun of the Benedictine Community from Brussels visited us, who were at an inn in Rotterdam, and shortly after sailed by the packet-boat for England. Madame Bruley succeeded in hiring for us a very capacious, good unfurnished house, to which we sailed up the canal on the 30th of June. There were many rooms, both above and below, and garrets such as have been described before. However, there was no room large enough to enable us to keep choir; and we were obliged to have permission from the missionaries to have a room allotted

for a private chapel to have Mass celebrated. They did not give the leave till they had visited the room we had fixed upon, to see that all was decent and fitting, and even when they had consented, they seriously requested that the nuns would come on Sundays to Mass in the public chapel; the Catholics, they said, would be otherwise scandalized. However, as the people knew not how many of us there were, we satisfied these good missionaries by some always going in a party on Sundays to Mass, but the whole community never went; we continued to have daily Masses at our own residence. Our beds were distributed in the different rooms above stairs on the floor; we were no longer crowded and were more comfortably accommodated than since we had left our convent. We had a few boards put together for tables and benches for our dining-room; in the other rooms we sat on the bales and trunks, only we hired a small round table and four chairs for the room where our young ladies slept, with one of the Mistresses, because we regularly kept school in that room and needed a table for writing on.

We had neither court or garden to this house: it was leaded on a flat roof, on purpose for taking air on the top of it; but the ascent to the roof and the unpleasant exposure to the town made very few avail themselves of it, and we could not make up our minds to go out walking, we were so stared at when forced to pass along the streets. The canal, which ran through the street, as usual in Holland, passed close to our house, the pumps were upon it, and the sewers ran into it. The continual passage of barges, boats, and tracksknites by day made the water appear clean, but after the rest of the night it is covered with a thick dirty green scum and is offensive. Several of the nuns got bowel complaints with drinking it. We had excellent bread, and our meat dressed capitally well at a regular baker's. The French armies had rapidly overrun the Netherlands, and we had the melancholy sight of vessels of all kinds passing under our windows crowded with distressed French emigrant families and priests going like ourselves they knew not whither.

One day two French gentlemen rang at our door to inquire for lodgings to let; they were surprised to find the house occupied by English nuns, and soon found to their still greater surprise that we were those who had received their sister Mère Dufour. The meeting on both sides was very affecting. Poor soul! a year or two later, she had to learn that her sister and

brothers-in-law had been guillotined. Ladies Mary and Lucy Stuart likewise found us out and visited us; and a Mr. Blount, an English merchant settled at Rotterdam, having an acquaintance amongst our nuns, called and offered to do anything to serve us, and did assist Mr. Grafton in looking for a ship to convey us to England. Our afflicted Abbess was all anxiety to have a letter from Mr. Weld, whose two daughters were with us, she had immediately informed him of our emigration and where we were, and was hurt at not having a speedy reply and his advice in her distress.

At last she received a most kind and consoling letter. It informed her that it providentially happened that when he received the account of her having left Princenkoff, the King was at Weymouth, Mr. Weld went there to pay his respects, and the good King asked him, with great interest, what had become of the English religious communities in the Low Countries, and especially after that in which his daughter was novice. Mr. Weld described the situation all were in, and that they knew not whither to take refuge. The King immediately desired he would tell us to come to England, and that he would take care we should not be molested, and added of his own accord: "Tell them to bring their church vestments, breviaries, and such like, and I will give orders that they shall pass the Custom House." His Majesty recollected that by law these things were condemned to the flames, and he made Mr. Weld give him down the names of the Superiors of the different communities. Mr. Weld had then to consider where we could be placed, and before he would write had been over to Winchester, where by persuading two or three emigrant families to go out of it, he secured the hire of the Abbey House, but of course was obliged to allow those families time to secure themselves lodgings elsewhere. In order, therefore, to enable us to come over without delay, he got Mr. R. Gillow to let us a large furnished house in North Audley Street, London. This news was a great relief to the Abbess's mind, yet we still had much reluctance to the idea of a settlement in England, which seemed a very different prospect to that of a permanent establishment in a Catholic country. But we buoyed ourselves up with the vain hope of future return to Princenkoff. Immediate preparations were made for our voyage. Tailors (very impertinent men by the bye) were employed to make each of us a dress of black cashmere like a close great coat with capes, and we made a greater



stock of caps, and got white muslin neckerchiefs. In the meantime, Mr. Grafton, in his sundry excursions to Rotterdam to procure a ship, one day met Mr. Roberts, and several of our friars from Tongres, to their mutual delight, and he brought them back with him to Delft. We gave them a hearty welcome, lodged them in the spare garret and agreed to take them to England with us. Another day he met a good little Teresian from Antwerp, who had stayed behind when her community went off, in order to dispose of some of their property. He conducted her to us likewise, and we brought her with us to London, where she joined her own nuns. Mr. Grafton likewise found all the nuns from Liege arrived in the river at Rotterdam in their full religious dress, and the Dutch Calvinists would not suffer them to land in that costume. Reverend Mother Abbess and Sister Mechtilda paid them a friendly visit, and were quite sorry to see them suffering much inconvenience from the circumstance and from being on barks lashed together, without even the accommodations we had had. They persuaded Reverend Mother Clough to get dresses immediately made like our black cashmere, and they did so.

After some difficulty Mr. Grafton met with an English brig or ship, with two masts, which had brought coals from Sunderland to Rotterdam, and was about to return empty. He engaged the captain to get the hold, where the coals had been, matted up to the top, and a division boarded off for a sleeping place for the reverend gentlemen. There was a very nice cabin with four good bed places, which served for our two eldest jubilarians and a lay-sister and the captain's daughter, a girl of fifteen, whom he had brought with him because a sea voyage had been recommended for her health. An agreement was made with the captain to take our community and the gentlemen then with us, and to provide all necessaries, from Delft Haven to London, for one hundred guineas. The haven is about three miles from Delft. We were conveyed there down the canal in one of the Dutch tracksknites. These are pretty, light vessels, well accommodated, which are drawn along the canals by horses on the brink. In the afternoon of the 23rd of July we set off. The day being fine, some of the younger nuns preferred walking, and were put on shore. The walking road did not agree with the track of the canal, so that they could not again regain the vessel, and a storm and heavy rain came on, and they were literally wet through before they got to the inn or public-house



where the rest of the nuns had halted, while the goods, *i.e.*, trunks, bales, and beds, were taken to the ship. Mr. Grafton made them drink a glass of gin to prevent their taking cold, for there was no possibility of their changing their clothes. They none of them had that comfort of a fortnight to come.

In about an hour we were summoned to go on board. It was low water, and the ship could not come close, so we had to walk over a plank laid from the ship to the shore. Poor venerable Mother Mary Catharine thought it impossible, and stood hesitating, when Brother Francis Macdonell said in a quick, firm tone: "You can do it if you will, dear Mother," which so surprised and electrified her that effectually she crossed over without giving it another thought. Mother Mary Barbara Webbe the sailors carried in their arms. We were wind-bound all the next day and following night. Just as the wind was getting round for us, we spied a boat making towards our vessel and then come alongside us. It was the remainder of our Fathers, who had come through Germany from Tongres, and Providence had not permitted us to be able to sail till their arrival; but according to the stipulations made with the captain, these were paid for apart, at two guineas a head.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following is a list of the priests and religious men who came over to England with us:

*Priests.*

Rev. Father Stephen Grafton, our confessor.	Rev. Father Lewis Kellery.
Rev. Father Joseph Purcell, his companion.	Rev. Father Constant Henrion.
	Rev. Father Austin Roberts.
Rev. Father Laurence Eccles.	Rev. Father Peter Lovelady, <i>alias</i> Jones.

*Professed Clerks.*

Brother Bonaventure Martin.	Brother Francis Macdonell.
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*Choir Novice.*

Brother Vincent Havard.

*Lay-Brothers.*

Brother Philip Hoyles.	Brother Joseph.
Brother Joachim.	Brother Francis.
Brother James.	

*Secular Priests (2).*

Rev. Messrs. Coze.

(Here follows a list of the nuns on board):—

Rev. Mother Abbess M. G. Simeon Weld.	Sister Josephina Ferrers.
Rev. Mother Vicarress F. X. Longmer.	Sister Jane Frances Chantal Howse.
Mother Barbara Webbe ( <i>Jub.</i> ).	Sister Elizabeth Joseph Ferrers.
Mother M. Teresa Halcott ( <i>Jub.</i> ).	Sister Constantia Proger.
Mother M. Catharine Dormer ( <i>Jub.</i> ).	Sister Frances Joseph Webbe.
Sister M. Lewis Rowe.	Sister Mary Ann Teresa Monington.

The ship's crew consisted of the proprietor of the vessel as a passenger, the captain, and five sailors, and the captain's daughter. We supposed them to be Presbyterian Methodists; they were moral, civil men, not even quarrelsome with each other, and in fifteen days they were never heard to swear, the captain only once, when in a passion, because another ship ran up against his. He often sent us to pray for a fair wind, but as it did not come the moment we began, he would bawl to us to stop, for we only made the matter worse, he said. Our gentlemen used to help heave anchor, &c., and he would jocosely command them about. One, more awkward than the others, and who rather looked on as if to see they did their duty, he denominated Admiral Lubbard. The man had a good heart. Some years later, having made a voyage to Southampton with coals, he came to see us, and told us the ship we had come over in had been taken in its next voyage by the French. Now, however, we will return to it.

We at last sailed, and flattered ourselves that in five days at most we should be at the end of our voyage; but off Helvoetsluys we were becalmed. Tired of laying at anchor there, a party of us got leave to be taken on shore in an open boat, in order to get a walk in the country, and the Abbess gave us wherewith to procure some refreshments (the little private purses had been all given up before we left the farm). The party had a very pleasant walk, and stopped at two different farmhouses, where they were very civilly treated, but peculiarly so at the second. Our reverend gentlemen assured us we should

Sister M. Scholastica Addis.  
Sister M. Seraphipe Lawson.  
Sister Cecily Scarisbrick.  
Sister Felicitas Plowden.  
Sister C. Mechtilda Plowden.  
Sister Antony Ferrers.  
Sister Bonaventure Rowe.

Sister Elizabeth Teresa Brittain.  
Sister Frances Teresa Bird.  
Sister Mary Austin Hutton.  
Sister Winefred Teresa Berington.  
Sister Jane Frances Gillow.  
Sister Frances Sales Weld (novice).

*Lay-Sisters.*

Sister Elizabeth Thecla Palmer.  
Sister C. Michael Ainsworth.  
Sister M. Alexia Kitchen.  
Sister E. Angela Ainsworth.  
Sister M. Frances Ainsworth.

Sister Ann Teresa Ainsworth.  
Sister Ann Joseph Slade.  
Sister Martha Collard.  
Sister Elizabeth Lucy Gore.  
Sister Mary Ann Wood.

*French Nuns.*

Mère Dufour.

Mère Gravez.

Lay-sister Ubaldine Dubar.

Sister Anna Maria Brassieres, the Teresian, and three young ladies our pensioners, which were—

Miss Catharine Weld.

Miss Charlotte Knight.

Miss Mary Longmer.

have to pay for every smile, and in effect the woman charged us more than we had amongst us; so, mustering up all the Dutch words we could think of, and adding signs to our lingo, we believe we made her understand that we would return and pay her next day *if* the ship had not sailed. In fact, she was very well paid; and let us go away on promises. We took an enormous large jug full of milk back in our boat to the ship, the sight of which regaled our *consœurs*, for they never tasted it: it was overturned in the bottom of the boat just as we were getting out of it.

The wind rose, and we soon sailed into the open sea and lost sight of land, when sickness more or less affected all the company. We spread the beds in the hold at night, and in the day rolled them up to sit upon. We had frequent calms and contrary winds, and made slow progress. We were told afterwards that this was partly owing to the ship's ballast not being sufficiently heavy, especially when she got into the Thames amidst other vessels. It will be easily conceived that all our goods and ourselves were not an equivalent weight to the coals she had brought, and she was now ballasted with sand, which is very apt to shift and is by no means considered a safe ballast. We used to go into the hold by a very long ladder. It was light enough there to say our Office and read, for the opening to the deck above was very large, and of course when it rained it rained down amongst us, but as the place was very large we could easily get beyond the opening. While near land we had fresh provisions from shore, and Brother Philip Hoyles, who cooked for us, made excellent broth for those who were poorly, but the rest of the time our food was salt, we had Westphalia hams. Towards the end we were short of water, which distressed us awhile, and the water to our tastes was always disagreeable, as it tasted of the rum casks in which it had been put.

One day we heard cannonading at a distance, and were told afterwards that the captain had apprehended we might meet with a French cruiser, and had steered out of his track to avoid it. When we got over against Harwich, Mother Abbess sent off Sister Mary Ann Teresa Monington, who had been very ill and sea-sick, Sister Mary Lewis Rowe, and Sister F. Sales Weld, under the care of Brother Philip Hoyles, to go by the public coach to London. From Harwich two custom-house officers came on board to see nothing was taken away without

examination, and they sailed with us to London. The roughest day we had was getting into the mouth of the Thames. Early on the 7th of August we had the comfort of undressing and changing our linen, and then put on our black dresses and prepared for landing in the course of the day, expecting so to do at the custom-house. However, we presently saw a boat coming towards us. Mr. Charles Butler had kindly sent a Mr. Palmer, his clerk, to meet us off Greenwich. He soon informed us of his errand, and about eighteen of us accepted his invitation to land there. He had an excellent breakfast in readiness at the inn, and had engaged a long coach, such were then common vehicles, to take us to London.

We set off in it as soon as possible, and arrived at Charing Cross just as the hackney coaches came on the stand. Mr. Palmer made as many of them as we needed drive to the door of the long coach, and we got out of one into the other, without setting foot on the ground or being seen by the people, and drove immediately to the house in North Audley Street, where our three Sisters had arrived three days before us, and were all anxiety for our long delay, each day expecting us. All the other nuns arrived with our two Reverend Fathers, and two French priests the same evening. The other Fathers and Brothers of our province procured lodgings for themselves. The next morning, the 8th of August, Mr. Grafton, Sister F. Chantal Howse, and Sister Mary Austin Hutton, went to the custom-house to see to the landing and examination of our goods, and discovered how cleverly and secretly the King had managed for all the religious communities. Only the chief or head officer knew his Majesty's orders. A sort of examination therefore took place, and when he sent the men out of the room into another with bales or trunks he had done with, he asked which contained church vestments, breviaries, &c.; when the officers returned he pretended he had examined those trunks, and ordered them to be carried away. As the order only regarded such like things, there was a demur about the ticking of the feather beds, whether English or foreign: if foreign, there was a duty to pay. Sister Mary Austin, who conjectured they had belonged to Mrs. Simeon Weld and were really English, made no difficulty in swearing that to the best of her knowledge they were English. Thus all difficulties at the custom-house were settled, and our goods brought to North Audley Street.

The house Mr. R. Gillow had let us was large, had plenty

of bed-chambers, and abundantly furnished, so that we had no need of using our own beds. There was a long saloon at the back front, looking into a little garden, which we turned into a temporary chapel, and had Mass and the happiness of going to Communion on the 10th, St. Laurence, which fell on the Sunday, of which we had been deprived from the 22nd of the preceding month. Two other rooms opening into each other served us for a dining-room. Our Fathers were all in London, where they had been holding their chapter, and were full of gratitude for the hospitality their brethren had received from us. They gave the Abbess her option whether Father John Hart or Father Stephen Grafton should be appointed confessor. She chose the latter. Poor Father John had a cancer in his face, which made him totally unfit for the office.

Mr. Weld sent Father Charles Plowden to meet us in London, and to see we were not dressed as *figures to frighten the crows*. He was pretty well satisfied with our costume, only ordered us black silk bonnets with gauze veils in place of the hoods. After a few days, Mr. Plowden took the Abbess, Sister Mechtilda, Sister F. Sales, and Miss Catharine Weld, in Mr. Weld's travelling carriage, to Lulworth. Miss M. Longmer and Miss C. Knight went to their friends. About a week or ten days before the community left London, the goods were sent off by waggons to the Abbey House, and Sister F. Chantal and Sister Winefred Teresa, who were Sacristans, and three lay-sisters, received orders to go there to meet the Abbess and others from Lulworth, to unpack and prepare the house for the rest. The first two days after their arrival they went to the Rev. Mr. Milner's chapel to hear Mass. By the third day, which was a Sunday, they had turned a room upstairs into a temporary chapel, and having been accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Purcell, they had no longer need to go beyond the premises. The little colony had plenty of occupation in getting the house ready. The beds were again placed on the floors in different rooms till bedsteads could be made. On the 27th and 28th of August the rest of the nuns and our reverend gentlemen went down to Winchester in the long coach. At the request of Mr. Milner, all stopped at his house to see his chapel. On the 31st of August the Divine Office was resumed in choir, in our miserable little chapel, a room afterwards the novitiate, very low, and not above twenty feet square, if that, and very hot, for it was over the kitchen.

### *Pictures of Rural Life and Scenery in Greece.*

THE ways and habits of life in the larger cities of any country give us but a partial view of the real character of its people. We must go into its outlying districts, and grow familiar with the everyday life of its peasantry, and the scenes amid which that life is spent, to find out the particular features which distinguish one race from another. Le Baron D'Estournelles de Constant spent six months on the northern coast of Achaia, and associated so familiarly with the simple country people in their labours and amusements, that he made himself one of themselves, and with the pen of an artist recounts his experiences. He chose for the centre of his observations Aigion (*Ægium*), best known, perhaps, as the Vostitza of the Greek war of independence. In size this is little more than a village, though it bears the pompous title of an eparchy; in date it is very ancient, and starts from a classic era, passing through different hands after the taking of Constantinople into those of the Sire de la Voustice, whence its name. In architecture, the stones of its ancient temples doubtless served to construct its mediæval castle, as they were once more pulled down and put up again by the Turks to build their private houses. In its arrangement, style, and character it retains but few traces of its antiquity and yet it has put on very few of the elegancies of modern times.

The great merit and charm of Aigion lie in its scenery. It stands on the northern coast of Achaia, being washed by the waves of the Gulf of Lepanto, and to the opposite shores of northern Greece it presents a ridge of low-lying cliffs, tipped with white houses that glitter in the sunlight above the bright blue sea. To the right and left of the town the cliffs slope gently down into a wide inland plain richly variegated with the green of countless vines, myrtles, and olive-trees. Through this plain the beds of the rivers Selinus and Méganitas mark their course by the sheen rather of their pure white pebbles than



of their limpid streams, for they are dried up during ten months of the year. In keeping with the simplicity of the scene is the modest harbour, small, but deep and calm, which shelters a few fishing boats, and two or three more pretentious trading vessels, painted in bright and varied colours. A pier formed of massive iron-clamped stones, well smoothed and polished by the waves, does duty for landing-place and quay. On the right is a little dock-yard, made use of by the wealthier merchants; on the left, where the cliff rises to a point, seven or eight poor looking cabins are crowded one upon another in a rocky embrasure, partly hidden by the huge plane-tree within which the Greeks shut up their prisoners after the insurrection of 1821. It is a stirring moment, and where is it not so, when twice a week the steamer calls for passengers, and is welcomed by travellers, traders, newsmongers, beggars, all flocking together, all speaking at once, and creating an amount of noise and confusion in inverse ratio to the size of the place or the importance of its concerns.

From the shore we mount to the town, either by a short and steep path, or by a better and more winding road to the north-east. Two classes of building meet the eye, the stone Italian houses of the better sort, two stories high and surrounded with terraces, and side by side with these the low clay cottages of humble rank, which enjoy this double advantage, that they are little affected by the constantly recurring earthquakes, and are only the more firmly baked should any part of them catch fire. However ugly each building and each long narrow street is in itself, the effect of the whole is wonderfully pleasing and picturesque. As the town stands at a moderate height, it commands a view celebrated, even in Greece, for richness and beauty. To the east, beyond the isthmus of Corinth, the morning sun, as our traveller describes it, streaked the sky with bars of red and gold, and lit up the rough sides of the Acro-Corinthus on the mainland. Helicon and Cytheron to the north of the gulf loomed out darkly on the horizon, and directly opposite to the town the nearer heights of Parnassus and Xero-Vouni in Phocis were assuming the faint rosy tints of the morning. Below, the gulf stretched out, not rich blue as at mid-day, but in bands of silver that made its shores appear black and gloomy, till the sun in its progress higher bathed mountain, hill, and valley in gold, and deepened the blue in the sea and sky. Distant mountain ranges to the north and south framed in the whole picture. No wonder

that the ancient Greeks, even more than their descendants, preferred the open air of such a sky, and the full view of such glorious scenery as this, to the confinement of their own houses.

The national costume of the Greek is dying out in the larger towns, here at Aigion it is in habitual use, and as worn by the rich is resplendent in the brilliance and variety of its colour, material, and embroidery, the latter sometimes completely covering the foundation on which it is laid. The dress usually worn by the peasantry differs much, but is equally original. The vest, jacket, and gaiters are made of white flannel, ornamented with silk, or bands of blue and red wool. The shape of the old Greek stocking is preserved, being a sort of leather boot, peaked in front, and bordered with coloured silks, having rosettes of the same on the side. Their cincture is of leather, wide enough in front to carry their poniards, pistols, and ammunition. Their bare arms are visible through the open sleeves of their dress, and in place of the usual fez they often tie a piece of silk round their heads. In winter a large cloak, rudely embroidered with coloured patches, is thrown over their shoulders. The women wear a half masculine half feminine dress, and in some respects they follow modern fashions, at a rather respectful distance. The men grace their bright attire, being a proverbially handsome and well-formed race; and to whatever rank they may belong, or to whatever age, they are, with scarcely any exceptions, fine types of manhood. In the women some of the features are good, but others are quite the reverse, and their figures are generally ungraceful. They are also laggards in the march of civilization, and are deficient in moral refinement and energy of character.

But this is so important a social and national question as to require further development. Following the ancient customs of the East, the Greek women are not much accounted of in the community, they are little better than the slaves of their families, and their round of duties never ceases. The moment that the mother's multitudinous home occupations are over, she either joins her husband in his field labours, or, when these are finished, returns heavily laden in time to suckle her infant, prepare the supper, or fetch on her shoulder the heavy pitcher filled with water from perhaps a distant fountain. Even in the better class houses of the town the mother's hands are full, as the births of eight or more children have probably followed each other in rapid succession. The very number of her

domestics adds to her anxieties and taxes her patience in repeating, screaming out, and enforcing by frequent blows every order given to them, and sometimes in having to supply their incapacity with her own hands. What leisure, alas! can be left for education? And hence it comes that the children have generally the house and garden all to themselves, increasing the confusion by their strife and civil war. Notwithstanding the hardships of the life which they must see before them, the young women look forward to marriage as a matter of course, and face it when it comes with the stolid insensibility of habit. Though the men with all care observe the feasts of the Church, yet the women are not supposed to be entitled to any. Visits are never paid to them individually, and though on rare occasions they go in a body to call upon some family whose feast-day it is, only the females of the house condescend to receive them.

Greece is a land of the song and the dance. In the provinces are still heard the traditional ballads handed down by memory from mouth to mouth, or written in the dialects of the country districts. The harmony of these ever young and vigorous strains is as rough and rude as the language in which they are composed. They consist mainly of klephtic songs and wild incentives to war, or of tender and plaintive love-songs written in graceful simplicity. Rarely in the popular poetry of Greece are the praises of wine extolled, for the people are so little advanced in modern civilization as to prefer sobriety as the rule, and rarely drink anything stronger than water. You hear the singing of some legend of the saints, or even of stories taken from the old mythology; or perhaps the theme is simply the development of some poetical idea, preserved, unfortunately, in very incomplete fragments. There is much uncultured sentiment in the short poems descriptive of brigand-life, and the young peasants are fond of reciting these with great fervour and emotion amongst the mountain scenes which first inspired them. As we do not speak of the artificial poetry read in towns, so also we pass by the imitations of modern—chiefly Italian—music. The country people alone retain their fondness for the old national melodies, and enliven with them their dances, their marriage festivities, and the fête days of the Church. The singer owes much to his memory, and still more to the nature of his theme, the circumstances of the moment, and his own particular mood, for the song that at one moment

comes from his lips with a fire and energy which stirs up and charms his auditory, may the next instant sound like a feeble and complicated medley of notes. In Greek as in Turkish music all real sweetness and effect depend on the inspiration which stirs the singer or the player. The popular instruments are the harp, and one or two fifes accompanied by the tambourine. The common people delight in these, and the more noise that they make the greater does the enjoyment become; since they never fail on this point, all such orchestras are wisely interdicted until the evening. The young men go in large parties of about thirty into the country for their carnival, and fill some empty house with simple provisions. The result is a Bacchanalian scene of the wildest fury and excitement: all present sing or shout together, the musicians are insulted, casks are staved in, bottles are broken, and a universal *melée* ensues. In the evening the party return languidly home, the children go out to meet them and renew the tumult, until finally the band disperses. The Greek youth have, it must be confessed, no fine voices to boast of; they unfortunately agree with the Turk in discovering some charm in singing through the nose, while to most ears the effect is anything but agreeable. Yet the distant echoes of their deep plaintive voices, as they return along the roads from their work, have something in accord both with the cadence of their song and with their wild mountain scenery, and amongst these it is pleasanter that they should be heard. For their want of grace of melody the young men make up by the grace of their movements, and this, added to the richness of their dresses, gives great charm to their national dance of the *ormos*, in which thirty or forty youths, under the open sky, form a long chain of dancers that folds and extends itself, advances or retires, to the rhythm of a cadence which all sing gently together.

The question of the music of the Greeks introduces us to the subject of their religious observances, for not only are the strains of melody often heard issuing from the windows of the monasteries, but the monks form singing classes of children and young men, and undertake to teach the harmony, which is always being learnt, but apparently never acquired. For long the monasteries alone possessed the secret of transcribing the national music in some particular character without which it could not be expressed, and which therefore it was necessary to teach to scholars, who should in their turn hand on the art. The *Agios-Vasilios*, or New Year's Day, is a great feast, shared

in by the poorest, the domestic observance of which consists in the construction of a variety of sweetmeats, especially the *Vasilo-pita*, or tart of St. Basil,—a thin cake, sometimes three feet in circumference, and plentifully seasoned with oil, in which a small coin is inserted destined to reward the happy discoverer with a sure stock of good fortune during the year. Aigion being situated on the coast, one of the observances of the Epiphany, or *Phota*, is to bless the sea by solemn rites, during which a large cross is cast into its waves. It is then that holy water is blessed in the churches, and the private houses are sprinkled with it throughout the town. The carnival is long, and continues for three weeks; during the three or four days immediately preceding Lent masquerading is allowed, and visits are paid thus disguised. We can imagine the inconvenience caused by a troop of such maskers invading the privacy of each house with loud song and extravagant grimace, and the relief felt when, the moment that any performer is detected, all unmask and make off in the spirit of fun for the next house. The feast of *Evangelismos*, on the 25th of March, is in Greece not only an ecclesiastical but a national fête day, since it commemorates the first act in the great rising of 1821. On the first Saturday in Lent, the *Psycho sabbaton*, it is the custom at Aigion and throughout the Morea to distribute the *Kollyva*, a cake having for its ingredients corn, dried raisins, almonds, and the grains of a pomegranate; this cake is reserved in order to be sent to the friends of a deceased person on the eve of his funeral. In Holy Week takes place the procession of the Holy Sepulchre, which is carried through the streets surrounded by lighted torches and kneeling crowds. A grand local holiday is kept on the Friday in Easter week, for it is the feast of Tripiti, the title of a little chapel nestling in the crevice of a rock overhanging the sea. In the morning men, women, and children set out on pilgrimage to the chapel, and return together amid the waving of flags and the firing of guns and of the *varellota*. This is a very original firework, being a small chamber made of stiff paper, tight bound round with tarred string, and having a reed attached to it which keeps the match in its place. Two different camps are formed between the rival parishes of the town, and the combat begins, their fireworks are hurled about in all directions, and then explode, and the scene is a very animated one. It is easy to divine that many a serious accident follows, in maimed hands and eyes blinded for life,



and perhaps even in the loss of a limb. Somewhat similar were the rough sports of our forefathers; and, till the Greek youth become more civilized in their amusements, it will require greater energy than the police possess to put an end to games in which their excited passions often betray the young men into the use of the knife and the pistol.

Instead of keeping their birthdays the Greeks observe the feasts of their patron saints; and as St. George is one of the principal of these, each man who bears that name arranges in his house a large silver tray covered with sweetmeats, another bearing cups of coffee, and a third piled up with cigarettes. The white wooden floors are washed clean, and a number of chairs are ranged round the walls. Then the friends arrive in companies, solemnly approach and take the hand of the master of the house, or of his wife, should he himself be engaged in a tour of the like visits, and after merely saying, *eis eti polla*—"May you live long," take their places in silent rows, and receive a spoonful of sugarplums, a cup of coffee, and a cigarette. This done, all rise, with as much ease and grace as may be, at the same instant, repeat the phrase *eis eti polla*, and retire to repeat the same ceremony in as many houses as are so fortunate as to contain a George in them. The feast day of "Saint Constantine" and of his mother St. Helena rivals in popularity that of St. George, from the frequent recurrence of those names. On the first of May, the one thought is how to obtain flowers. Each proprietor of a vineyard betakes himself to his garden, that is, to the enclosure in the centre of his vines, where in summer he guards the ripe fruit, and superintends its ingathering. Every one goes out the first thing in the morning and comes back laden with flowers, with which he decorates the front of his house. The case is as simple with those who have neither vines nor flowers, only they go out a little sooner, under cover of the previous night, and load their friendly tambourine with the flowers of other people. Thus the necessity of observing the day is favoured by ancient custom, and has changed theft into no robbery. Christmas closes the list of Church festivals most prominent for their observance throughout the country parts of Greece. Three days are devoted to it, and it too has its domestic commemoration in the *Christopsôma*, which, we scarcely venture to remark, means Christmas cake. As long as the days succeed one another in their ordinary course the life of the villager in Greece seems to pass away in a dull



listless dream, but a fête day brings out in startling contrast the fire and energy of the passion that lurks beneath his cold exterior.

We can easily believe that politics are another source of still more intense excitement to the inflammable Greek peasant. The war of national independence is of far too recent a date, and was far too keenly contested in every corner of the Morea, and by every class, whether in town or country, to admit of either ignorance or indifference to the smallest public question or changes of party. The more contracted the area, the more undeveloped the growth of the new-born state, so much greater is the disturbance caused by the slightest political event, and the violence of the passions and jealousies that are suddenly let loose. The root and centre of all such agitations are, of course, to be traced to the greater towns, but the parties that are contending for place or power flood the most rural spots with their busy emissaries, seeking out allies to their cause in every country hamlet and village.

Nor do politics alone invade the peace-inspiring beauty of the scenery along the coasts of Achaia. Two ancient Turkish fortresses, the Rhion and the Antirrhion, not far from Patras, stretch out their battlements into the Corinthian Gulf from opposite shores, and while beneath the sun's full rays or the silvery moonbeams they keep silent watch over its entrance, these fortlets are now the penal settlements of Greece, and enclose all the prisoners condemned to hard labour. And now and again, when the sun is lately risen, and sea, fields, and sky are in all their morning freshness, a frigate is seen to cross from one or other of the prisons over to Aigion, bearing a culprit condemned to the guillotine, who, dressed all in white, with the black-robed monk by his side, forms an object conspicuous to the eyes of the townspeople as they crowd to see him. After the execution has taken place between the shore and the wide-spreading vineyards, the frigate carries its mournful freightage back to those two grim towers.

Aigion cannot claim to be an emporium of any great trade or commerce, and yet one may easily foresee that, like all the towns marking the northern shores of the Peloponnesus, it will one day take up a good commercial position. The currant, or dried Corinthian grape, forms already a good staple of trade, and it has other resources in its produce of wine and oil, which require only the use of modern appliances and of greater skill

and method to develop into articles of commerce very advantageous to Greece in general. At present it suffers from those great drawbacks of an infant and struggling country, there is not sufficient consumption at home to be a spur to its industry, the rival interests of its neighbour prevent the importation of foreign material, and it also awaits the further extension of its merchant service, which has commenced with great activity, for the hammer may be heard in full swing in its dockyards at Syra and Galaxidi. The only manufacture actively carried on is that of silk, and for this the temperature of the climate and the abundance of silkworms and of mulberry trees for them to feed on are most favourable. The silk is close, well-coloured, and equally spun, and is sent off to the Greek merchants in Marseilles, whence it is despatched to Lyons. The rest is woven in the family, for each house boasts its silk-loom, and the young women make use of silk for their own wear, as well as for curtains and even bed furniture, although it is almost as light and transparent as lace. This manufacture they sometimes vary with cotton fabrics in unbleached stripes of different widths, placed at unequal distances. Nor are there wanting at Aigion dyers to colour the raw silk and prepare it for the embroiderer, so that the brilliant garters, scarfs and vests which enliven the villages and country roads of the district are entirely of home production. In association with such a scene we scarce dare speak of the well-known snort and whistle of the steam engine, yet its aid too has been invoked by the mill-owner, the soap-boiler, the distiller, and the corn-miller, and the more widely the use of machinery extends the more rapid will be the growth of all these industries.

As there is more business life in the land, so the highway of the Mediterranean with its numerous gulfs is more regularly traversed, and more usefully, by the light and active barks from ten to three hundred tons burden, which are constantly carrying its internal commerce short distances, and are more serviceable for this purpose than the few vessels of a much larger tonnage that have been built. Then there are the fixed steamboat lines between Corfu and Cephalonia, Zante, Patras, and past the front of Aigion to Corinth on the north, while there is less frequent communication with Brindisi, Venice, or Trieste by the sea route along the south. One cannot help seeing what an addition it would be to the prosperous condition of Achaia were

the isthmus of Corinth pierced by a canal, and the gulfs of Corinth and Egina thus connected. Not only does the close approximation of these two suggest a repetition of what has been done so often elsewhere, but the very composition of the isthmus lends itself to its successful execution, as it is almost wholly formed of rock. Then would be opened out a speedier transfer of merchandise, and a most exquisite sail of easy reach for the passenger, which from the coast of Italy to the Bay of Salamis would take in each point of beauty and interest, as in quick succession one object comes into sight after another, rich in the associations of classic and mediæval times, and in the stirring events of the Greek insurrection. The Greek has a natural aptitude for trade and barter, and though we cannot study his successes so well at home as in those emporiums of Europe and Egypt to which the more ambitious merchants early betake themselves, and where they make their name as well as their money, yet the national character is sufficiently marked in its middle classes, who do not travel so far. Amongst them we find prudence, ability to practise economy through an insatiable love of gain, the perseverance which is sometimes encouraged by a spirit of avarice, quickness and versatility of perception, a tact and exactness and genius for figures that look very practically at each venture, a self-possession that weighs each turn or chance. And if we combine with these a perfect absence of all sentiment or enthusiasm, and inflexible rigour of dealing with every debtor, we have described a merchant whose skill at least deserves success. But a constant drain on the commercial income of the country is kept up by the practised smuggler, who carries on his trade with a high hand, however much he may affect to veil it beneath the modest radiance of the moonlight. Aigion and its companion towns have their custom-house, and the employés are vigilant, but they are few and overmatched in numbers, and care not to begin a futile struggle. Hence when the night falls the palikars, well armed, lead down from the mountains a little file of baggage horses, and take their silent way to the shore at some given point. Then from some vessel lying out in the offing a boat steals along with muffled oars, and lands its freight, to return again for another, till the poor horses eye somewhat mournfully the load that slowly increases on the back of each. Their only hope is in the freshening of the morning breeze, and the significant cooling of the air, and brightening of the line

that marks the horizon, for by these signs of returning dawn the boats are warned to make their last journey, the file of horses resumes its march, and the mountaineers, with watchful eye, but confident and fearless tread, conduct home their contraband, caring little that the first rays of the sun glance down on their well-laden pack-horses, ere they are fully out of sight.

What conduces a little to counterbalance unchecked robbery of the national revenue is the fertility and careful cultivation of the soil. Along the whole coast-line of the Peloponnesus, from Corinth to Gastouni, situated on the western shore of Achaia considerably to the left of Aigion, every inch of ground, embracing even the lower slopes of the mountains, is utilized; for agriculture flourishes in this climate. It comprises the three products already hinted at—wine, oil, and the *raisin de Corinthe*, or dried currants, interspersed with a few fields of wheat, oats, and the cotton plant; in other districts the cereals are more prolific. It needs but a short walk from Aigion in the direction of the mountains to come across large flocks of sheep and of goats, which wander about and crop their food amongst the barest ridges; better feeding than this is never thought of. Oxen are rarely seen, and are reserved for the table of the rich citizens of Athens. Butter is almost unknown, and goat's milk is the usual beverage; as for milk from the cow, one is tempted to change slightly a well-known proverb, and say, "First find your cow." Here it would have to travel miles to find the most meagre pasturage. But where could we fail to find a pig, the credit of the district is saved by some gaunt, black grunTERS, that with ears erect take the lead of their families, and stumble into every one's way in street or in garden. Though we have described Aigion and its environs to be such a primitive, unsophisticated place, far removed from the busy world, it has established the closest possible relationship with our busiest London shops, with one of our national sweets, whether in cake or pudding, and with our earliest recollections of Christmas festivities, for it is the centre of the currant trade, and ships off enormous quantities straight for the Thames, seeing that England treats directly with the large proprietors in Achaia. Thus Aigion has after all an especial claim upon our interest in a description of her rural life and scenery.

## *Anemone: a Tale.*

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SEVEN AGAINST THE EIGHT.

CENTRAL England has few finer or more characteristic views to boast of than that which lay before the eyes of the small party assembled, on the summer evening on which our eventful history opens, on the terrace walk which bounded the garden of what had once been called Blackley House. The name of Blackley House had been derived from the noble family to which it had formerly belonged, in days when the county families were in the habit of spending some part at least of the year in the chief towns of their shires. Some three generations ago it had passed into the hands of a very worthy local lawyer of the old school, a man trusted and even revered by the aristocracy of the county. His grandson now possessed it and lived in it, although he was vicar of Osminster, and so entitled to the comfortable residence attached to his office, close to the old Minster, which he had made over for the time to one of his curates. We shall have enough to say about Mr. Westmore in the following pages, and may for the present join the party at the end of the garden, whence they commanded the view of half the shire of which Osminster is the capital. The house and garden stood on high ground over the river's bank, which at that spot rose high enough to go by the name of the Red Cliff. The river, a wide, navigable, and dreamy stream, favoured the possessors of the garden in two ways. In the first place, its steep bank effectually secured their privacy, and in the second place, it turned straight off almost at right angles within a hundred yards of the terrace already mentioned, and flowed gently in a hardly perceptible curve for about three quarters of a mile, at which distance it seemed to lose itself amid some beautiful woods. The right bank, on which Blackley House and the greater part of the town lay, was occupied for

some little distance below the curve, of which mention has been made, by the newer part of the town. But this bank soon rose again, and was fringed with copses, while on the other side, opposite to the Red Cliff, stretched out a fine plain, well wooded and cultivated, filled with pleasant farms and homesteads, with an occasional slender church spire rising over the trees. The towing-path for the barges ran along this side of the stream, and the plain ended just under the garden of Blackley House in a large bit of common land, which was the cricket ground and place for athletic sports to the younger generation of Osminsterians. The view was bounded both on the left and in front by a range of distant hills, of no great height, but with a soft undulating outline which almost made them appear mountains.

The view from the terrace of the garden was always striking, but perhaps its best aspect was when the sun was declining to the west or north-west, as on the occasion of which we are speaking. The owners of Blackley House had as much of the beauty of their shire before them, day by day, as any of the earls or barons whose sons sat for the county or its capital. On the evening of which we speak, the river's bank and the common beyond were all alive with holiday folk, and the towing-path was more or less crowded almost down to the point where the river passed out of view between the distant woods. Some pleasure boats were passing and repassing the stream near the point where the buildings of the town ended, but the main course of the stream was quite clear, and a barge or two were moored motionless under the houses. For the great race of the Osminster year was just about to come off. It was usually made to coincide in time with the summer assizes in July, so that the country people who had any business there might have the opportunity of consoling themselves after their experience of the witness-box or the jury-box, by seeing the young gentlemen of the High School measure themselves against the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Such at least was the account commonly given of this annual contest by the public voice of Osminster. The impartiality of the historical office obliges us to add by way of explanation, that the High School of the town, a flourishing community, usually, of some four hundred boys, was proud of its boating, and was even said on a certain traditional occasion to have beaten Radley and run Eton hard at the Henley regatta. The



defeat of Radley does not appear to us impossible—but a sober-minded criticism will be startled at the statement as to the danger incurred by the aquatic supremacy of Eton. But the truth as to the present race is that Osminster was a considerable school enough to send many of its boys straight to the Universities, and that it was the custom of the “old Osminsters” at Oxford and Cambridge to manage to scratch up a crew between them, and give the boys a race at the end of the summer half year—a race which was always followed by a genial banquet at the expence of the veterans. What was the quality of the crew against which the boys had to contend on each several occasion, depended very much on chance, as many of the “old Osminsters” who were most willing to make the journey might not have been great at the oar, or might not have kept up their boating at the Universities. As the boys trained regularly for the race, and were accustomed to practise together for weeks before the time, they very often achieved a victory over opponents older and stronger than themselves. Thus it became a tradition among the good folk of the town that the aquatic art was cultivated to its very highest perfection on their own broad stream, that each generation of boys improved on its predecessors, and that though the two Universities might meet on tolerably fair terms at their annual encounter from Putney to Mortlake, it was only by uniting their forces that they could even hope to snatch an occasional victory from the gallant lads of Osminster.

Perhaps we have lingered too long on these preliminary details. The party assembled on the terrace, already so often mentioned, consisted of Charles and Emily Westmore, aged twenty and seventeen respectively, their aunt Joanna, Mrs. Millwood, a widow who had resided for many years with her brother, another young lady, two years older than Emily, commonly called by her friends and relations Anemone Wood, her baptismal names being Anne Monica, and Mr. Geoffrey Arden, a barrister of about two-and-thirty, an old family friend of the Westmores, who usually found time to see a good deal of them at his visits twice a year at the time of the assizes, notwithstanding his large and continually increasing practice. Anemone and Geoffrey were both not very distant cousins of Mr. Westmore. Legal distinction seemed to be hereditary in the family of Mr. Arden, whose father had died in the prime of life, when he seemed on the point of obtaining high honours in

his profession, and whose grandfather had been the first Lord Clyst-Arden, of Arden's Clyst, Lord Chancellor of England towards the end of the reign of George the Third. Geoffrey's father had been the fourth son of that well known historical personage.

The faint sound of a gun was heard in the distance, followed by the scarcely more distinct swell of a sudden cheer.

"They're off," said Charlie to Anemone, who, as the guest, was perched on the most commanding spot on the terrace, on a chair somewhat hazardously raised on one of the large garden benches.

"You won't see them yet for a few minutes—they've got a quarter of a mile and more to pull before they get to the corner."

The young lady fixed her opera-glass, the only one forthcoming for the whole party, intently on the point indicated, while Charles and Emily strained their eyes, and even their elders looked on with interest. The sound of the gun sent a perceptible shock through the crowd on the wide ground below; there began to be a struggle for the best place on the water's edge, and the groups scattered along the path by the side of the river as far as the eye could reach, formed themselves into a long narrow fringe along the bank. The boats which had been moving about on the water got close in to the further shore. Just then a black cloud darkened the sky behind the terrace, while the landscape in front was still bright in the evening sunshine, and a weird kind of gleam lit up the faces of the crowd, and the white dresses of the ladies in a gaily-decked pleasure-barge which did duty for a grand stand close under the bend of the cliff. A gust of wind swept over the water, and the leaves rustled as if the coming shower was already on them. Emily looked nervously up to her cousin, whose delicate beauty was in strong contrast to her own robust healthiness. The hush and the signs of the approaching storm made the few minutes of expectation seem thrice as long as they were. Then the distant point at which the river emerged on the landscape became dark with a crowd of men, running and shouting, some few riding and waving their hats, and then first one and then the other of the two boats shot into sight, their white oars working together, like the wings of some strangely beautiful insects, over the smooth water.

"Now, Anemone, which is first? See if you can make out

the colour of the blades—the boat on this side, nearest the path, has the best of it.”

The girl strained her eyes, but resigned the glass to Charlie. “You can tell better than I,” she said. “The boats seemed almost on a level, at least at such a distance.”

Charlie, who for reasons which will be plain in the course of this narrative, had been sent by his father to Eton rather than to the high school at Osminster, felt bound, as soon as he had the interpretation of the race committed to him by the transfer of the opera-glass, to assume the tone of languid criticism which he had laid aside for the moment under the excitement of the first appearance of the boats.

“The boys are ahead!” he said. “They are rowing quite within themselves, in very good time, and have the race in hand. The old fellows are all abroad, and have no form at all. They don’t swing together, and their sliding is execrable. They keep time like a peal of bells. Some of them are quite pumped out already. The boys will win easily, Anemone.”

Meanwhile the two boats were travelling fast up the long reach of the river, which lay stretched out before the eyes of the party. The shouting on the bank became louder and nearer, and the first boat seemed to draw itself clear of its companion. But about three hundred yards from the flag something strange occurred. There was a splash on one side of the boat, the oars seemed thrown into confusion, and the boat itself swerved from the straight course along which it had been flying.

“Ah,” said Charlie, “that wretched bow! He’s caught a crab. No, his oar has snapped. He can do nothing but sit still. Bravo! they’re holding their own still.”

The accident had evidently placed the victory of the boys in great peril, but they pulled on manfully, and the other boat seemed quite unable to improve its pace, notwithstanding a vigorous spurt made by the stroke oar and a few others who had a little power left in them. They were all strong men, but the opponents were trained and practised. Very slowly indeed the boat of the “old Osminsters” crept up to the other, while the crowd on the bank was frantic with excitement. Then, a short stone’s throw from the winning-post, the boys quickened their stroke for a last effort, and regained their lead, sending in the bow of their boat five or six feet in advance of that of their rivals. Another gun fired, a red and yellow flag ran up to the head of the staff, the crowd yelled with delight at the sight

which assured them of the victory of their favourites, and the old Osminster boat gallantly cheered their conquerors. The bells of the old minster rang out, and the people began to hurry home, some crossing by boats to the town side of the stream, others making their way by a road to the left to the bridge which spanned the river a few hundred yards above the higher turn which brought it under the Red Cliff.

The dispersion of the crowd was not a moment too soon. The cloud which had stolen over half the sky while the race was going on, had now begun to fall in torrents. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed. The racing boats had barely time to discharge their crews, some half-dozen of open carriages which had placed themselves near the bank were hastily closed up, and made off as best they could, and a small forest of umbrellas covered the common. Our friends on the terrace, though only a short distance from the house, found it more prudent to take refuge in an old summer-house at the end of the walk. Even this they did not reach unscathed. Anemone missed her footing as she jumped hastily from the chair in which she had been enthroned, and scratched some skin off her instep, besides spraining her ankle in the descent from the bench. She walked without much difficulty the short distance to the summer-house, but it was soon found that her ankle was swollen, and Aunt Joanna chose to assume that she felt faint. This alarm soon passed over, as well as the storm which had occasioned it. Charlie ran off to fetch a wheeled chair, that she might be conveyed to the house. But here again Aunt Joanna interfered, and decreed that her feet had got wet, and that she must be carried in at once for fear of a chill. This was accomplished by Mr. Arden.

It is hardly necessary to add that the great event of the evening was not soon forgotten at Osminster. It was celebrated in the local papers as the victory of the seven over the eight ; a feat which it was believed could not be paralleled in the annals of aquatic prowess, save by an almost mythical precedent which antiquarians asserted to have occurred some thirty years before at Henley, when seven champions of Oxford rowed against an eight of Cambridge and won the race. When Charlie went that night with his aunt and sister to the county ball, he almost forgave some of his partners who took it for granted that he had himself once been an Osminster boy. Indeed, I am not quite sure that he took the pains to undeceive all those enthusi-

astic young ladies. But the absence of Anemone, on whose company he had reckoned, was no slight palliative to whatever satisfaction he may have felt at the compliments lavished on all connected with Osminster.

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## CHAPTER II.

### "NOT EVEN LANCELOT BRAVE, NOR GALAHAD CLEAN."

THE day after her slight accident, Anemone was kept in prison. It was advisable that she should not walk or use her ankle, and so it was decreed that she should remain on the sofa in her room and have her meals brought up to her. Her room was by no means an uncomfortable prison. It was on the first floor, looking to the south, and so commanding the garden and the glorious view beyond it. It had large French windows, and a verandah of its own, well sheltered by blinds from the glare and heat of the sun, and well furnished with flowers and creepers. Her sofa was moved close up to the window, and in the afternoon and evening she was transferred to an easy sloping chair in the verandah itself. An interesting invalid usually rules a household, and on this occasion Anemone was the queen of Blackley House. The first hours between breakfast and luncheon passed away very pleasantly—she read her letters and her favourite books, and received visits and deputations, as Alice called them. But we have not yet said who Alice was. Alice was a lady only a few years older than Anemone herself, who was nevertheless mistress at Blackley House. After the death of his first wife, the mother of Charlie and Emily, Mr. Westmore had remained unmarried for many years. Joanna had come to him while his children were yet young, and then everybody talked as if there would never be a second Mrs. Westmore. But about three years from the time of which we are speaking in our tale, Mr. Westmore had married Miss Alice Smith. By his mother's side, she was a cousin of the Geoffrey Arden to whom the reader has already been introduced. Her father was a rich parvenu, who had made his money in trade, and then transformed himself into a country gentleman by the purchase of an estate a few miles from Osminster. He had his children well educated, and his wife, whom he married rather late in his life, was a perfect lady herself. His two girls were nice enough to be welcomed in

the best society of the neighbourhood. Alice was the eldest, a great favourite everywhere. When Mr. Westmore married her, people had begun to say that it was time he should leave off flirting as he did with one girl after another. What made her marry him was not so easily settled. He was very High Church, and even supposed to be too High Church. She was said to have gone still further than he had in the direction of Ritualism. It is possible that some sympathy or imagined sympathy as to religion may have made her first listen to his advances towards intimacy. We shall have to see hereafter whether she did quite right in marrying him.

One of the pleasantest incidents in the morning was the visit which Anemone received from Alice's baby, a young gentleman of a year and a half, who was destined—so the wise people said—to be deposed from his absolute empire over the heart of his mother by the arrival of a successor in the course of a few weeks. Of course he crowed and smiled and noticed and displayed all the marvellous precociousness of intelligence which babies of his age always do when they visit young ladies like Anemone, and of course she on her part displayed all due discernment in discovering his likeness to father and mother, and the rich promise of excellence of every kind which his countenance disclosed to those who knew how to read it. But there was to be a fly in the precious ointment, and after Alice and the baby came Aunt Joanna—not, apparently, for a passing visit, for she brought her little inkstand and blotting book and writing materials, not with any intention or at least any chance of using them, but as an intimation that she meant to take possession of Anemone and sit with her at least till luncheon time. Anemone would very gladly have had Alice instead, or Emily; but she knew Aunt Joanna too well to suppose that her plans could be opposed.

Aunt Joanna will become known to our readers as this history proceeds, and we need not say more about her now than that she was very fond of talking, very inquisitive, and very fond of laying down her own views as to people and things. If she had some of the faults which usually accompany the qualities which we have thus attributed to her, her conversation that morning with Anemone may at least be useful to us as saving us a good deal of trouble, in the way in which the heralds and messengers in the Greek plays supply the audience with a large amount of information as to the personages of the



dramas. In the present instance, therefore, much important information of which the reader is greatly in need will be supplied by a partial account of a dialogue between Aunt Joanna and Anemone, if indeed we should not rather speak of the conversation as a cross-examination, almost as searching as that to which Mr. Arden was at the same time subjecting an adverse witness in a will case in the neighbouring Assize court. The chief difference was that Anemone had nothing in particular to conceal.

Aunt Joanna sat bolt upright, despising the aid of the back of her chair, her spectacles on her nose, a discarded newspaper by her side on the floor, and her little three-legged table before her, bearing the inkstand and writing materials to which so little attention was to be paid that morning. Anemone was first examined as to the members of her own family. John, the young Squire at Woodsgore—had he been racing and betting again of late? Anemone replied that she did not know he had ever done so; but her denial was received with a smile of pity. Annie, his wife and Anemone's sister-in-law—any more romantic adventures in the hunting-field with that Captain Webster? Annie's solitary adventure in the hunting-field had been that she had driven her ponies to see the meet at a cover near her home, the ponies had run away, and an old sportsman, Captain Webster, had very cleverly stopped them for her. He was a fine old Squire of the age of sixty. How was the baby—had it its mother's delicate chest, poor little thing? The poor little thing was a remarkably fine specimen of the genus baby, and its mother Annie was as healthy a young lady as any in Wessex. Then how did she, and her sisters, Rose and Cissy, hit it off with Annie? Rather hard, wasn't it, to have a stranger in their mother's place? The three sisters had all known Annie as long as they could remember, and had been delighted when their brother, who idolized them all and Anemone in particular, had made up his mind to ask Annie to be his wife. The lady in question was a very good sister-in-law, and the home at Woodsgore had been made more happy than ever by her advent.

Anemone had next to undergo a catechism about herself. "Ah, my dear, I haven't seen you since you came into your great fortune."

About six months before this time Anemone had received, as a legacy, her god-mother, Mrs. Bridgeman's property, which made her the possessor of some six thousand a year. It was

to go to her brothers and sisters if she died unmarried. "I suppose we shall have all sorts of people running after you now. They don't mind weak health when there's a fortune in the case like that. Well, dear Mrs. Bridgeman had a right to do as she liked with it. No doubt you will try to be just to her poor relations."

Mrs. Bridgeman had been Anemone's only aunt by her mother's side. She had married one of three very rich brothers, and as she had no children, her husband had wished her to adopt Anemone. His two brothers had each two children, and were both still active members of a great Manchester firm. Eight years before this he had died, leaving his whole property absolutely to his wife, who, however, had acted in exact accordance with his wishes in bequeathing it to Anemone.

Anemone made no remark in reply to the suggestion that she was to become an object of pursuit to fortune-hunters. She only said that Mrs. Bridgeman had no poor relations, except it were her own sisters, Cissy and Rose, who had some fortune of their own from their mother, to which John had now suggested that she should add her share of the same inheritance. This last fact she did not mention to Aunt Joanna.

"Well, my dear, we must hope that you will fall into good hands. I think about it very much, I assure you."

It was flattering to be the object of anxiety and care to Aunt Joanna, but Anemone hardly felt as if she could be quite safe in accepting a husband of her own choosing. But she had a consciousness that Aunt Joanna was a very determined person.

"Whatever you do, dear child," said Aunt Joanna, "I hope you will marry a believer." Anemone stared. "Believer! I thought we were all Christians," she said.

"I wish we all were. The young men of the present day don't go to church, and don't say their prayers. Charlie told me the other day that we are all developed apes, and that it is quite clear that if the soul is distinct from the body it has no future life. We are to be merged in the future of the race to which we belong. I asked him to read me the Psalms the other day, but he said he never did that sort of thing. Poor fellow; you and he used to be great friends when you were younger. Perhaps you might do him some good if you were to talk to him."

Anemone said that she thought his father was the best person to bring him round. The two had met often as boy

and girl, and she had been pleased with his devotion to her. They had not now met for three years, and there was a little awkwardness about their intercourse, at least on his side. Three years at that age turn boys into men, and girls into women.

Charlie, it has already been said, had been educated at a great public school, but, as he had declared that he wished to go to the bar, his father had determined not to send him to either University, but to let him begin his law at once on leaving Eton. He had been partly influenced in this by the bad accounts which were rife about the dangers to Christian faith to which the young men at Oxford were exposed, from the prevalent teaching of the day. But he had forgotten that, if Oxford was a dangerous place in one respect, lodgings in London and the society into which he would be thrown there were as dangerous, if not more so, in another. Poor Charlie, like many other young men under the same circumstances, had begun by practically giving up morality, and then he found it convenient to sport the sceptical colours as a sort of salve to his conscience. He was not worse than others of his age, but he was worse than his father had any idea of. He talked Darwinism or Positivism at random, without having read much on the subject of either form of error, and it would have been a mistake to attribute to him any great exercise of thought on any subject whatever except that of pleasure.

"Charlie and Emily seem very happy with Alice," said Anemone, hoping to change the subject of conversation from the young gentleman's delinquencies, real or supposed.

"Oh yes! Alice plays her game very well," said the other, with a slight tone of bitterness. "She lets them have their way, and they let her follow hers. We shall see what it will be when these babies grow up. You know we are to have a new arrival soon?"

Alice had already confided to her visitor this important fact.

"Charles"—by this name Aunt Joanna always designated her brother—"is very fond of her, but I fear he will have trouble with it all. We have a great deal too much of Mr. White here." The one person in the world against whom she never spoke was her brother.

Then she went on to talk over the nurses, the servants, the curates, the schoolmaster—between whom and Mr. Westmore there was a lasting religious feud—and half the neighbourhood besides. It need hardly be said that her criticisms were not

generally complimentary. It was a relief to Anemone not to be catechised, but at the same time she felt very uncomfortable in listening to what she heard. However, there was no help for it. At last, by way of turning the conversation once more, she mentioned that she had heard that morning from Lady Clyst-Arden, the wife of Geoffrey's cousin, who had invited her to go and see her in Devonshire. This observation led to the only other part of the conversation which it is necessary to relate here.

Aunt Joanna at once elicited the latest news about the Clyst-Arden family. Lord Clyst-Arden was of course first cousin to Geoffrey, and of about the same age; his wife was delicate, and they had been recommended, for her sake, to spend the last winter in the South of France. Lady Clyst-Arden had returned to England with her mother after Easter; but her husband, who had always been fond of Italy, had let himself be persuaded by a friend to go on to Rome, and to return home by the Mediterranean coasts in his friend's yacht, which was to meet them at Naples. His friend, however, had caught a fever at Rome, and Lord Clyst-Arden had stayed to nurse him. The illness was now over, and Lady Clyst-Arden wrote to say that she hoped to hear that they had sailed in a few days. The yacht had been detained by an accident, and was only just to reach Naples for them by the time her last letter from her husband arrived in England. She was rather nervous, as she had suffered a great shock last autumn by the sudden death of her only boy, and was now expecting her confinement in two months.

"It would be curious if Geoffrey were to turn the tables on her, after all," said Aunt Joanna.

Anemone stared, and hardly liked to ask what this possible turning of the tables might be.

"You know, of course, that she jilted him," said Aunt Joanna.

Anemone had heard once that Geoffrey had been disappointed when Blanche had married her present husband, but that there had been any jilting in the case was new to her. Geoffrey and Blanche, who were first cousins, had been brought up together, and it was quite true that there had been a great deal of affection between them. But Geoffrey, whose father had died young, as has been said, was poor, and had his way to make in the world, had kept out of the way when his cousin Blanche became a blooming young woman, the belle of the

county, and had left the field open to John, the heir to the title and family estates. He behaved very kindly to Blanche, when, after once refusing John, she accepted his renewed offer. If Geoffrey was hurt, he kept it to himself; but he went seldom to Devonshire, and the gossips invented a good many tragical stories of his gloomy and revengeful designs. Many of these were now retailed to Anemone by Aunt Joanna. It was said he had vowed never to marry, but that he was not the less desirous of rising to the top of his profession, and putting himself on an equality with his fortunate cousin. Since the death of the boy in the autumn, however, there had been a chance of his succeeding to the family honours. The first lord had had five sons; John, Charles, Laurence, Edward, and Martin. The present Lord Clyst-Arden was the only son of John. Charles had no child but Blanche, who had married her cousin. Laurence was the one of whom no one ever spoke but with bated breath; people supposed him to have disgraced the family in some way which did not bear mention. The truth was that he had become a Catholic in the early days of the Oxford movement, had gone abroad and was lost sight of. He was supposed to have become a monk or friar, or worse than all, a Jesuit. As a matter of fact, he wrote to his brothers occasionally as long as they lived, but they were now all dead, and the new generation knew him not. It was not certain whether he was alive or dead. The family lawyer in London alone was supposed to know. We must, however, finish our account of the remainder of the family. After Laurence, came Edward, the father of Geoffrey, who had one daughter besides his son. The last of the sons was Martin, who had taken to farming, and had emigrated to Canada, where he had married a lady of French origin, and was doing very well, though he also was not often heard of.

When Aunt Joanna told Anemone of the chance of Geoffrey's succeeding to the title, she had not forgotten that Laurence Arden might still be alive. "I wonder whether the old monk would step in," she said. "No doubt they would be too glad to get hold of Arden's Clyst again. There was a monastery there in old times; they say that they found the cellars half a century ago where the babies were thrown. There's a ghost there, too, an abbot of the Jesuits in the Wars of the Roses, who murdered his niece who used to live with him as his housekeeper."

Anemone laughed outright; she had a little more knowledge of chronology than the elder lady, but she simply remarked that the house at Arden's Clyst was modern, having been entirely built within the last fifty years.

"I can't help it, my dear, it's an unlucky place. I dare say we shall see the monks there back again."

"But, Aunt Joanna, Mr. Laurence Arden isn't married, at all events; so he can't prevent its remaining in the family after him, even if he were to have it himself."

This reasoning did not seem very cogent to her companion, but just then the luncheon bell rang, and Emily appeared at the door escorting a tray on which a most luxurious repast was ready for the invalid.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### A BEGGAR'S BENISON.

IT is time to say a word or two about the Vicar of Osminster, the gentleman in whose house and grounds our readers have been occupied for the two last chapters. Mr. Westmore was a man, as has already been intimated, of about fifty, or a few years more.

He was what was called advanced High Church, not even free from the taint of Ritualism, but somehow this taint did him little harm in the estimation of his townfolk. In the first place, he had his father's and grandfather's popularity to begin upon. Each had been a large-handed charitable man in his generation, and there were but few families among the middle and lower classes in Osminster who were not their debtors for many an act of substantial and timely kindness. The present vicar had lived among them all his life, save when he was at school and college, and seemed almost as much a part of Osminster as the grey old church itself. He had begun his ministerial life as curate to the former vicar, and when the Chancellor gave him the living on the death of the old incumbent, he did what nine out of every ten in the place would have felt injured if he had not done. Osminster was proud of him on many grounds. He was as charitable in his way as his father and grandfather had been, though somewhat capricious in his benevolence. It was said that if you wanted anything from the vicar you had better choose your time for asking it. To say the truth, he had a very



sharp temper. He had been at Oxford just a few years after the breaking up of the Tractarian party, as it was then called, in consequence of Dr. Newman's submission to Rome. Many of his personal friends had become Catholics, others had drifted off in the direction of the Broad Church, and others had subsided into High Churchmen of the drier school. Charles Westmore at first prided himself on sticking to his old colours, and he determined to continue a High Churchman of the *Christian Year* school, allowing, however, a good deal of influence to the later and more Catholic teaching of the *Lyra Innocentium*. He edited ascetic books, "adapted to the use of the members of the English Church." Though he was hardly thirty when he became vicar of Osminster as well as master of Blackley House, he opened his parish to one of the earlier branches of the Devonport Sisterhood, whose confessions he would gladly have heard, as he did those of the few lady penitents who presented themselves to him to "open their griefs." But he found that the Sisters, at all events, were "not free to open their griefs to any one" but a mysterious "Father" who appeared from time to time for the purpose, and who was supposed to be no other than the great Doctor Nebulosus himself. However, Charles let the Sisters go on, helped them in any way he could, and was always spoken of in the High Church papers as one of the few parish clergy who had appreciated the value of the movement towards the religious life, which was so remarkable and convincing a proof of the vitality of the Church of England.

Mr. Westmore was an active minded man. He was always ready with his signature to any of the numerous protests of the party to which he belonged, and by the time he was forty he had over and over again declared that the Church was on her last legs, and that if this or that piece of hostile legislation, or this or that decision of the Privy Council were not revoked, it would become intolerable for those who valued Catholic principles to remain any longer in her pale. Of course none of these bold threats ever came to anything. They never were meant to come to anything by the leaders of the party, who simply put them forward to keep their younger friends from going further than protests. Mr. Westmore's Bishop, an amiable and tolerant man, the brother of a great political celebrity and himself a keen politician, wisely enough left the Vicar of Osminster alone, even when, in the later years of his episcopate, that gentleman blossomed into vestments. This was the last very pronounced

movement of which Mr. Westmore was guilty. For some years now he had been taking things rather easy. The number of his annual contributions to the correspondence of the *Guardian* newspaper became sensibly smaller. Some wag in Osminster, where all his vagaries were very easily condoned, sent an advertisement to a certain London paper, announcing the publication of the Vicar's "Polemical Letters," in several volumes, in royal octavo, "uniform with the Wellington Despatches." The hint was hardly wanted to make Mr. Westmore less ready to fill the columns of our esteemed contemporary with productions on all the possible questions which "might interest Churchmen," in which, we are bound to say, he always showed good sense and feeling, and only now and then lost his temper.

The truth was, that life was very comfortable at Blackley House. He had a good position in the county, he was a good magistrate, he was lord of all—or nearly all—that he surveyed, and so whatever might be the abstract merits or demerits of the English Establishment, it was a very nice berth for him. It is true, at one time he had dreamt of being made archdeacon—perhaps he had sometimes thought of what he might do, if he could air the powers of speaking which made him, at the cost of very slight labour indeed, a successful preacher whenever he took it into his head to try, in the august atmosphere of the House of Lords as Bishop. But he had no really unsatisfied ambition. We have said that he was not quite lord of all at Osminster. The one rebellious and antagonistic spot was the High School. There Broad Churchism reigned in the person of Dr. Wilson. He was a man of about the same age with Mr. Westmore, and had been a distinguished Rugbeian. His university was Cambridge, and he had a wholesome horror of Tractarianism, though he professed to live and let live in matters of religion as well as in matters of politics. Unfortunately, even in this last-named department of English life, there was a difference between the school and the Vicar. The school was on the Liberal side, the Vicar's influence, paramount in the town, was Conservative. The school had a certain influence with the tradesmen, and of course this influence allied itself with the comparatively small body of Dissenters who were to be found in the town. So there were a good many sores between the two clergymen, and Dr. Wilson was not allowed to enter the pulpit of the Minster, or of the new church which Mr. Westmore had built as a chapel-of-ease in an outlying part of the town. He

did not obtrude himself as an enemy, but his existence reminded the Vicar that he too was mortal.

We are bound also to say that Mr. Westmore was a kind neighbour to some three or four hundred Catholics, chiefly Irish, who lived in the lower part of the town—a poor set of people working at the hardest trades, and looked after by a worthy priest, Father White, whom the Vicar visited and helped, while the opposition party, such as it was, consisting of Dr. Wilson and his ushers, took no notice of him. This was the Mr. White of whom Aunt Joanna had spoken to Anemone. The Vicar found him a pleasant companion. He had travelled, could read a number of languages, and was full of information. He was devoted to the care of his flock, but his intellectual resources in the way of companionship would have been small indeed but for the quiet talks which he was allowed to have at the Vicar's house, and the beautiful library which Mr. Westmore had collected was far more practically useful to the priest than to its owner. Father White never left the door without a fervent prayer for the family which showed him so much kindness. They were always remembered in his Mass. Sometimes he had a sort of foreboding that their relations were too pleasant to last, and that the time might be at hand when the Vicar of Osminster might count him among his deadly foes.

On the evening of the day of which we are speaking, Anemone was lying on her sofa in the cool air, having been moved into the verandah itself for her later meal. Emily had kept her company till the dinner below was over, and then Anemone had begged her to join her brother in the walk to which she knew they had been looking forward. Aunt Joanna had gone to spend the evening at the Vicarage, where the senior curate and his family lived. On the lawn below her were Mr. Westmore and Alice, whose child had just been sent off to the nursery. Alice lounged indolently in an arm-chair, close under Anemone, and her husband, one of whose hobbies was gardening, had thrown off his coat on account of the heat, and was finishing with his own hands the work on which his gardener had for some time been engaged, in filling a few flower-beds immediately in front of the dining and drawing-room windows. The garden was the pride of the house, and this particular portion was the pride of the garden. On a small scale, as much care and trouble were expended on this area of a few score of yards as on the splendid pieces of carpet bedding

which are the delight of the London parks. From time to time Alice put in a word of advice or approval, as the beautiful patches of colour were made more and more perfect. A few choice flowers yet remained in their pots, their places as yet unallotted. The Vicar's back was towards a door in the garden wall which opened on a lane which ran along the outer side of the boundary of the garden, at right angles to the house. That door cost the Vicar more trials of temper than many more important existences. It was his will and decree that it should never be left open, but his gardener, for convenience' sake, was perpetually transgressing in this respect. This evening, unfortunately, it had been left ajar.

Anemone above, as well as her hosts, was too intent on the process which she was watching to notice the approach of the tall, slim, but strong-looking woman who was destined to interrupt the peace of the scene which we have been sketching. Biddy was on her way to a neighbouring town, where she would find a junction which would enable her to get to Liverpool more easily than by the line of railway which ran by the town in which our story is laid. She had with her a child of eleven years of age, the only survivor of three that her husband had left with her when he had gone, years ago, to America on the invitation of an old friend, in hopes of bettering himself. Unlike many who have done the same, Mick had really benefited himself. He had kept up a constant correspondence with his wife, sending her money from time to time, and cheering her heart with the hope of his return in what to them would be affluence. And now the weary years were over, and he had told her to be at Liverpool by a certain day, when the ship in which he was to come home might be expected to be due. Good Father White, at the little chapel down by the river, had watched the papers for her also, and he had told her that day that the ship had been seen on her way up St. George's Channel. So Biddy, with her heart in her mouth, was pressing on to the junction I have mentioned, when in an evil or a happy moment, as the case may turn out, she saw that the side gate of the garden was open, and knowing that the lady of the Vicar was charitable, had peeped in, and had seen her sitting on the lawn. When she first put her foot inside, the trunk of a fine tree had hidden Mr. Westmore from her sight, but when she saw him, she was not the person, as she said to herself, to hold back when she might get a little help for her journey. So she

marched boldly on, and was by the side of the young lady before she was perceived.

Alice gave a start and a little scream, and the clergyman turned angrily round. Somehow or other, at the same moment the awkward child, frightened at his look, managed to kick over one of the flower pots in running to his mother's side.

Poor Mr. Westmore! he was a man of quick temper, not accustomed to be braved by any one. He was touchy about his flowers, which were just now his favourite hobby, and he was also touchy about any disturbance or fright to his young and delicate wife, so near to her second confinement. Possibly also he was a little disconcerted at being found in his shirt sleeves. However this may have been, he was at once in a towering passion. He ordered the woman and child off the grass plot—out of the garden. He threatened them with the police, and, when he saw the catastrophe of the last and finest of his geraniums, he caught hold of the child and was then and there about to beat it, when Biddy made herself heard in a tone of voice that had enough of suppressed anger in it to make him pause. He saw his wife turn pale and shiver, and with a great effort he mastered his wrath for the moment, and bade the Irishwoman be gone, or it would be worse for her. But Biddy would not be put off without the little bit of help which she had come to beg. She had barely the money to get to Liverpool. There were many hours of hungry travel before her, and she and her child had had little to eat that day. The open French window of the house, in front of which they were standing, displayed the dining-room table, covered with decanters and fruit and delicacies, and the contrast to her own poverty and want nerved her courage. So she went on begging for the worth of a dinner for herself and the child, demanding it for the love of God in a way that Mr. Westmore was not accustomed to in his dealings with English poor. Perhaps the name of God, terrible as it seems to say it, angered him the more; at all events he got more and more angry, stormed and almost cursed, thinking little even of the effect of the scene on his wife, who was evidently frightened and agitated, and was seeking in her little bag for a purse in order to satisfy the demands of the mendicant. He would not allow her, and turned on the latter fiercely. At last the Irishwoman threw herself on her knees, stretched out her arms in the form of a

cross, and began to call on the great God, as many of her nation have the habit of doing when they are angered, but before the black words rose to her lips, Alice flung herself between her husband and the other, and put her hands over the mouth of the woman.

"Do you call yourself a Catholic, and have you no fear of the judgments of God on those who call down evil on their neighbours?"

It was said with an intensity of feeling that gave a power to the words, echoed as they were by the deep solid faith which lay in the woman's heart.

At the same time a piece of white paper, evidently containing money, fell close before Biddy's feet from the verandah above. Biddy took the paper up, and looked up gravely at the gentle entreating face of Anemone. Her whole soul was changed after a moment of interior conflict.

"God bless your sweet faces," she said, "you have saved me from a great sin. May the great God bless you and yours, sir, and turn your heart to charity to the poor travellers. May the blessing of Heaven rest on you, my lady, and may your children be blessed after you." She rushed away, dragging her child after her, but not before Alice had slipped a silver coin into the hand of the boy.

Mr. Westmore looked on in confusion. He felt abashed and yet relieved, but the sudden action of his wife pained him as well as surprised him. He did not like the apparent oneness of feeling between the Irishwoman and Alice. A pang of fear, not altogether new to him by any means, shot across him. What he would have said or done we cannot now tell, for his whole thoughts were soon occupied by the deadly paleness which spread over the features of his wife, who fainted before he could call the servants to her assistance. It was a considerable time before she recovered her senses.

Later in the evening Mr. Arden came up to the house to consult with Mr. Westmore on some very important news which he had received in the course of the day. He had just achieved a very signal triumph, which was likely to mark a great advance in his professional successes. Hitherto he had been generally known as one of the leading juniors at the bar of the circuit and in London, and had had a large share in the business of that kind. But there had been a very important will case tried at these assizes, which was to be led by a great legal luminary



summoned specially for the purpose, who had conducted the case more than half way through, and had then been suddenly incapacitated by an accident. The management of the cause was therefore suddenly thrown into Mr. Arden's hands, who had cross-examined some of the principal witnesses in a most masterly way, and made the concluding speech in the place of his disabled leader in a manner that had revealed the highest qualities of forensic eloquence. It is seldom that such a chance comes, but it had come to Mr. Arden, and he had been able to make use of it in the best possible way.

This speech had been delivered on the very afternoon of the boat race, before the evening which he had spent on the terrace of Blackley House. The next morning was occupied by the charge of the judge, and the verdict had been given just before luncheon time. The judge, an old and amiable man, who had known his father, called Mr. Arden to his private room while the Court was adjourned. After congratulating him affectionately on his success, he showed him the London paper of the day, which had just arrived.

"There is something here which must concern you, Mr. Arden," he said; "probably you have not yet seen this telegram. I fear, among other losses which are more pressing, this may lead to your giving up your career among us. It will be a great loss to the profession."

The paper stated that a telegram had been received from Marseilles announcing the arrival of a French steamer from Malta. It was said that between Sicily and Sardinia she had run down an English yacht, only three of whose crew had been saved. It was the yacht of Lord Clyst-Arden's friend, and was on her way for the Spanish coast from Naples. Lord Clyst-Arden was on board, and must have perished with the rest.

Geoffrey burst into tears. He was fond of his cousin, of Blanche and of her children. He had no dearer desire than to see them reign long and happily in the old home, nor had he ever doubted that another son would soon succeed the boy who died in the autumn. Since his father's death, which happened when he was quite a boy, he had had no shock like this. At last he recollected where he was, thanked the judge heartily, and added that he hoped still there might be some mistake, and that anyhow he was not, and might never be, the next heir to the title of Clyst-Arden.

## *The Native Tribes of North America and the Catholic Missions.*

### III.—THE MAIN OBSTACLES TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE opposition to the introduction of Christianity did not spring from quite the same causes among the Algonc tribes, the Hurons, and the Iroquois. It is proper, consequently, to divide the investigation into separate chapters.

1. *The Algonquins.*—The roving life and widespread diffusion of these tribes have been sufficiently studied. The natural result of their way of life was seen in a poverty of ideas and desires which effectually prevented them from feeling any inclination towards a religion essentially spiritual and altogether above sense. It has been said with justice that Christianity is made for civilized people, and this is true to a great extent. Savages and barbarians must be brought first to a social state in which motives drawn from the higher world can play an essential part. For this reason those men who deny the supernatural, and try to deprive mankind of their belief in it, labour in fact to bring back the barbarism which, they say, was at first universal. Our limits do not allow the development of this idea, which, however, any thoughtful mind can easily arrive at by endeavouring to form an accurate notion of what would become of modern society if it were deprived finally and totally of Christian maxims and precepts. In the present case, it is true, the North American Indians of the Algonc family of nations acknowledged to some slight extent the existence of superior beings which they called in general *manitous*; but no benefit in their opinion could be obtained from these except deliverance from worldly evils, or bestowal of earthly blessings, in the shape of food. The idea of a higher world in constant communication with the soul of man, the necessity of virtue for all who could share one day in its supreme delights, could not be for them the

object of any consideration whatever. They were in that respect far less favoured than the ancient polytheists of Greece and Rome. Their savage state deprived them of any notion which soared higher than their daily needs. How could they be made to understand and appreciate the benefits of redemption and the promises of Christianity? Only those who can listen to the words of our Lord, *Non in solo pane vivit homo*, and acknowledge their truth, are fit to receive at once the instruction imparted to catechumens. Consequently a beginning at least of civilization is required as a preparation for receiving the germs of faith, and enjoying the advantage of its development.

The reader already knows that the ideas and aims of the Algic nations were strictly confined within the narrow circle of the procurement of food. Had the French apostles, sent to convert them, possessed the magic wand of Moses, and been able to bring to them at all times the fishes of the rivers and seas, the game of the forests, or at least a perpetual harvest of maize and millet, to keep the Indians in idleness and good humour, then the work of their conversion would have been simple and easy; they all would have fallen instantly prostrate at the foot of the Cross, earnestly calling for Christian baptism. But their conversion would have been worth absolutely nothing. They would have adored the Cross without knowing its deep mysteries; they would have received baptism exteriorly without being regenerated; their title of Christians would have been a mere name, and they would not have been advanced by it to any higher rank in the scale of human beings. Conversion to Christianity meant a total change of their ideas and aims, and they were not prepared for the change. The first difficulty consisted in making them aware of the existence of a higher plane of humanity of which they seemed unable to form the least conception. This is true of all strictly savage tribes. No one, therefore, need be surprised that the first missionaries among the North American Indians laboured hard for more than ten years without being able to baptize a single adult.

Their former religion, if they had any—which is at least doubtful—had no other value in their eyes than, as it was supposed, to help them to obtain success in fishing and hunting, and to overcome their enemies in a desultory warfare. When their hunger was appeased, and they had not to fear the tomahawk of the Iroquois, they had no prayers to address to

Heaven. A new worship which supposed a sudden enlargement of the mind, to make it capable of embracing the spiritual ideas of virtue, of sin, of purification of the soul, of God and eternity, was absolutely above their ken, and could have no meaning whatever, until they had been first enabled to place their feet upon the highway to Heaven, and to exchange a conscience cold and dead for one of living force, open to the influence of the rich promises which in their life till then they had never even begun to understand. This spiritual change supposed necessarily an immense elevation above their actual state, and was itself a long stride upon the road of true civilization. Until that first step had been taken, they remained insensible to anything superior to purely animal instincts. What attraction could they find in the preaching of the Jesuit Fathers when these at last were able to speak to them? It was for them an incomprehensible jargon, and they said so openly.

Miracles would not in all probability have mended matters to any great extent, but might merely have made them superstitious, without instilling into their hearts any true feeling of religion. It is perhaps on that account that God did not think proper to favour them with the sight of any miracles. Once only something occurred which had the appearance of a supernatural manifestation. After the first favourable impression which it made on them, they became more obdurate than ever, as they thought they had been imposed upon. And thus the missionaries all along wondered that their ministry was altogether unaccompanied with the marvellous sights which have followed the preaching of the Gospel everywhere else. St. Paul indeed seems to make of it a necessary help for the conversion of infidels. But this precisely is a new proof of the apparent total unfitness of those poor savages for the blessings of Christianity. Prodiges such as those which made a deep impression on the Jews at the time of our Lord, and on the Greeks and Romans whom the Apostles evangelized, were altogether denied to the roving Indians in the wilderness of New France, most probably because these wonders would not have awaked any spiritual idea in their minds, but would only have confirmed them in their subjection to a grovelling appetite. It is very possible that had our Saviour preached to them, He would not have told them what He said to the tempter in the form of a rebuke; "Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that pro-

ceedeth from the mouth of God."<sup>1</sup> This truth, as simple as it is profound, which with us a child can understand, would have been for them an unintelligible paradox.

They had, therefore, to be first reclaimed from their savage state before any impression could be made on them. But another greater obstacle, perhaps, consisted in their *fickleness*. This form of weak will is common it is true to all savages, but it was much more conspicuous in the Algonquins than in the Hurons and Iroquois. This appeared to be the chief cause destined for a long time to keep them from permanent conversion.

No one who has not lived among them can have an adequate idea of their *inconstancy*. The Indians were fickle. Yet it is less correct to speak of their fickleness and inconstancy with regard to religion, than to say that they were stubbornly attached to their wild freedom. In the attempt to civilize them, after infinite labour, when it might seem that success had been attained and that they were ready to adopt new habits of life, it too often was a sad surprise to find that in a moment they forgot all their resolutions, and became again as wild and reckless as ever. It is idle to complain that they are incapable of any steady purposes, for the truth is that they are only too faithful to their usual ones, and too firmly wedded to their roving habits. Many facts of the kind are perfectly well known now of which the first missionaries knew nothing, and they certainly strike us with wonder, and render almost inexplicable according to natural laws the equally certain fact that many of these tribes have become to this day permanently Christian. We consider it a miracle of grace that their fickleness has been finally overcome, and that their apparently indestructible attachment to the natural order has been compelled to yield place to an ardent love for the Christian religion.

A multitude of incidents in the history of the Indians and from books of travels might be brought forward in illustration of this characteristic spirit of the North American tribes. One must suffice. It cannot fail to strike any one who hears or reads it. It was related with many personal details by an Englishman of distinction, a Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, who visited the United States, east and west, more than twenty years ago, and wrote his adventures in a book which deserves high praise for faithfulness and good nature. We quote from memory. The actual

<sup>1</sup> St. Matt. iv. 4.

words are not accessible, but the circumstances are too remarkable to be soon forgotten or easily misrepresented.

The traveller, in the course of his rambles, reached in due time the heart of the Rocky Mountains. One day, when alone with a guide, he descried a solitary Indian in the distance, gazing intently upon him, and as usual with the children of the desert immoveable on the edge of an elevated plateau. The two wayfarers from the east had to pass at the foot of it, and they were soon near enough to make themselves heard. A word or two uttered at random sufficed to show that there was no fear to be had of a hostile intention. They hastened, therefore, to climb up, and have a friendly talk with the red man, who was, I think, a Sioux, well armed and equipped, and carrying a splendid rifle in his hands. The conversation had not proceeded very far, when Mr. Fetherstonhaugh could not refrain from expressing his surprise at the choice English language used by the Indian. Invariably before, whenever the English gentleman had met with some roving red man, he had with difficulty obtained as answers to his questions a few words of bad Saxon, which were to him, nevertheless, very welcome, because he could not expect anything better under the circumstances, and he felt happy to see that he had been understood, and could understand, his interlocutor. But this man had evidently received an excellent English education. The Englishman inquired of his new friend how this could be; and his surprise may be imagined when the other replied that in his youth he had followed a full course either at Yale or at Harvard, in New England. I cannot now remember which of the two it was. According to what the Indian said—and there was no possibility of any doubt as to the truth of it—he had been taken in hand, when very young, by a rich and benevolent American gentleman, who after keeping him a sufficient time in some preparatory schools, sent him to that New England University where he received, during four years, a complete classical education, such as very few indeed of the most favoured sons of this Continent receive.

After this it was intended by his benefactor that he should take to one or other of the usual walks of civilized life, where he was offered the prospect of a brilliant career in American society. But a visit which he paid to his former friends of the Rocky Mountains decided for ever his vocation. He suddenly renounced all the flattering prospects liberally proposed to him,



in order to lead the life of hardship, of constant difficulty and danger incidental to the lot of a roving Dacotah.

When the astonished Englishman offered some remarks on the Indian's thoughtlessness at having turned his back on all the advantages of such a splendid position as he would have been sure to occupy if he had not been so foolish as to refuse it, the Indian, wild with indignation, poured out a torrent of eloquence in praise of his freedom in the desert, and in condemnation of the gilded slavery of the richest among white men, such as it has never been our privilege to read in any other book. Jean Jacques Rousseau has not certainly reached that height of rhetoric in any passage of his celebrated dissertation, *Origine de l'inégalité parmi les hommes*. It is fair to suppose that Mr. Fetherstonhaugh did not do what Livy is believed to have done in his *History of Rome*, and that the long and impassioned speech he gives in his book of travels came substantially from the lips of this wild, though educated Dacotah. But it is not the literary character of that burst of oratory which is of importance here. The simple facts, related as coldly as the most severe annalist could do it, suggest reflections most appropriate to our subject.

We see an Indian of pure blood, taken very young from the desert and the mountains, confined at first in a school-room, where he may have often repined at the recollection of his former freedom. But he went bravely through it, and entered afterward the much more pleasant way of life of an American University. At the end of his course the prospect is still brighter. He is adopted into a rich family, where no doubt he began to taste of the sweets of civilized life in its most fascinating form. His mind had been trained to reflection, and he was no more an untutored savage. Besides his own remembrances of the severe hardships of the forest and the plain, he must often have read books written by American authors on border life as it is called. Those who are conversant with this kind of literature will not find in the thought of living among the Indians any wonderful attraction; and if Fenimore Cooper, or occasionally Catlin, and some other writers of the same class, give it a gloss somewhat pleasant to the imagination, a far greater number of economists and annalists speak much more to the purpose, and take away, often roughly, the poetic varnish thrown over the whole subject. The numerous and ponderous documents written from the Indian country by officials of the

Federal Government, and published as Reports to Congress or Communications to the Secretaries at Washington, would give a sufficiently correct idea of Indian life, and certainly one not much calculated to render any white man enamoured with it.

It was with his eyes open, therefore, that the young Sioux made his choice. He fully knew what he was leaving behind in that bright world on the Atlantic shore, and what he was going to find on the banks of the Platte river and the Upper Missouri. Yet with one wild bound he plunged into the wilderness; and when, after several years of that hard life, he encountered an Englishman of education and refinement, far from expressing any repentance for his strange behaviour, he positively gloried in it, and felt that he had made a good choice.

This suffices to prove how obstinate the Indians are in their recklessness and wildness, how congenial to their nature is that roving life, and how irrepressible their impatience of social restraint.

But if we consider the new religion which the missionaries came to preach, there appeared to be in the inmost nature of the Indians an irremediable fickleness, either in the wavering of their determination before openly embracing Christianity, or in their sudden and complete loss of the faith after they had ardently professed it. We will call it, therefore, fickleness, and we must insist that it was a very serious obstacle to their permanent conversion. How often do we read, in the *Jesuit Relations*, of extremely interesting cases either of important individuals or of whole villages, ready to embrace the faith after a long preparation, and instruction fully given and joyfully received, when, all objections having been removed, it appeared impossible that any new obstacle should arise, and yet suddenly, almost without any apparent reason, all these bright hopes were dashed to the ground, and the prospect of conversion was either indefinitely postponed, or altogether lost. To the fickleness of the Indian character the disappointment was in every case ascribed; but it might have been more correct to say that at an untoward moment the wild Indian nature had prevailed against Divine grace, and instead of being inconstant, that nature was in fact too stubbornly unchangeable, too unbending in temper.

If at least conversions, obtained at the price of so much labour, had secured for ever the submission of the Indian heart to the sweet yoke of the Gospel, it would have been consoling

to see a congregation of neophytes raised above all danger of dwindling away and disappearing, and sure, on the contrary, to increase constantly until it had absorbed the whole Indian race. But unfortunately nothing is more common in the letters of those heroic missionaries than the mention of the falling away of those who had given at first the greatest hopes of constancy; and the stories of the miserable end of backsliders and apostates too often sadden the heart and perplex the mind of the reader. Fickleness is again said to have been the cause of those apostacies. If the reflections just made prompt us to assign to that cause another name, it remains equally true that in it was found the main obstacle to the regeneration of those nations.

The apostates became invariably the most fierce enemies of the faith, and were more ardent than the mere pagans in plotting its overthrow. In the eyes of the uninformed among the Indians they were in themselves a strong argument against Christianity. They had tried it, and found it false; they had been allured to it, and came back to their old superstitions as being more congenial to the Indian mind. The motives which had acted upon them to embrace the new religion must have been weak indeed to have so soon lost all strength in their eyes. This argument appeared unanswerable to the unconverted red men, and it spread among them a fatal delusion. Christianity, they said, might be good for Frenchmen and other Europeans, not for them. To say that they belonged to the same race appeared to them absurd; they had neither the same dress, the same language, the same customs, nor originally the same religion. They were made on another pattern, physically and morally. It could not be true that there was but one Father of the human race. Consequently God could not be the same for Americans and Europeans. Hence those among them who had tried to become Christians came back gradually to their primitive religion, which was the true Indian religion. All this is found in the *Jesuit Relations* with many more details. Is it not remarkable how perfectly those Indian thinkers forestalled the systems of the *advanced thinkers* of our age? The celebrated contributors to the *Westminster Review* falsely imagine that such notions have first been elaborated by German and English Rationalists of this century. All their fine systems are met with in books written in the quaint French language of the time of Henry the Fourth and Louis the Thirteenth; and they were

merely the ideas of the Hurons of North America at that already remote epoch. The apostates among them were particularly strong in advocating these ideas; and thus they gave to their cowardly backsliding a kind of patriotic look. But they went much further. To prove that they were in earnest, they fell fiercely upon the worship they had abandoned, and openly attacked it on all occasions. This has been in all ages and countries the natural course of action of apostates. A party was forming itself in those tribes inspired with personal hatred of the Fathers, and planning their death. The renegades placed themselves at the head of it, and became the most ferocious in calling for blood. There was a time when the missionaries could not be sure of their life for a single day.

There remains, however, another obstacle as great as the one that has been just examined, and it is the last to which our limits allow us to draw attention. This was the immense hold the medicine-men and *jongleurs* had on these nations. A great deal has been written and said on what is called *medicine* among the Indians, on their medicine-men, medicine lodges, &c. Much of it must be known to the majority of our readers. It may be well, nevertheless, to remind them that this word *medicine* does not mean precisely the art of healing diseases, but is rather synonymous with *mystery*. The Indian gives a name equivalent to it to anything above his comprehension. George Catlin, in his *Manners and Customs of the North American Indians*, explains it admirably when he says that "there were many personages amongst them, and also amongst the white men who visit the country, who could deal in mysteries, though not skilled in the application of drugs and medicines. These are all ranged under the comprehensive and accommodating phrase of 'medicine-men.'" He adds that he himself received that name from them on account of his art—that of a painter. It is true, however, that the word was particularly applied to the art of healing. But as the Indians could not imagine that this was possible without the intervention of superior beings, every cure was in their eyes positively what we call a miracle. And as, unfortunately, their religion was reduced to superstitious practices, the most solemn ceremonies, invocations, &c., were used for the cure of human diseases; and the whole jumble of absurdities they practised for that object turned out to be, probably, the most formidable obstacle to their conversion. It is proper on that account to discuss the subject, though as briefly as possible.

When the first missionaries arrived among them, they found those ridiculous practices in full sway, and the first impression made upon them was only that of the ludicrous. They called the whole of it, in their homely French, *un tas de sottises*; and if they directly tried their best to induce the Indians to abandon those absurd customs, it was because evidently cries, sobs, screams, violent convulsions, furious dances, &c., were evidently not calculated to cure the sick. They thought they would soon open the eyes of their neophytes by employing the simple remedies they had brought from Europe for ordinary cases of every well-known sickness. But they found before long that it was a hard task to bring these poor pagans to the use of their reason; and without giving in detail the whole series of their experiences on that subject, it is sufficient to mention that they came at last to the conclusion that it was in fact a branch of the black art, of real magic, and in substance an open dealing with the Evil One. This opinion was formed after a couple of years of residence in the country, and they persisted in it until the end.

George Catlin, who in our day witnessed many facts of this nature in the Indian country, does not speak as bluntly and openly as the missionaries did; still many of his expressions tend to show that he did not in reality differ much in opinion from the Jesuit missionaries. He declares positively that the Indians admitted the existence of superior spirits, both good and bad. He asserts that in their opinion the bad spirits were more powerful than the good. He looks on their medicine operations as religious acts—as, in truth, the only practical religion they had; and the frightful description he gives of their rites and ceremonies in the great Mandan village, where he purposely remained long enough to study thoroughly their supernatural notions, indicates sufficiently that he himself believed, or at least was inclined to believe, that Satanic influence had a great hold upon them not only in the darkness of the medicine lodge, but in the whole space around consecrated to their dances and to the cruelty with which they treated their victims. It is not, after all, in an age when so many thousand intelligent persons practise openly the degrading arts of spiritism that the deliberate opinion of the missionaries of Canada in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can be slurred over or derided. They had much better opportunities, and for a much longer time than Mr. Catlin himself, to study the mysteries of

the medicine lodge, and they declared they honestly believed that the evil spirit was intimately concerned in them. In their time this superstition was much more widely spread than at the present day. During several years they had not even the privacy of a lodge for themselves. They dwelt together with Indian families, many of whom were not Christian, and were addicted to all the superstitions of their race. Night and day the missionaries had to endure the sight of the most absurd practices of barbarism. They were thus much better able than even Mr. Catlin to form an exact idea of their purport and tendency.

After they had demonstrated, they thought, a hundred times to the Indians that their jongleurs were cheats or bad men; after they had proved to them that if some of their sick people recovered they owed it to their strong constitutions, and not to the follies of the lodge, they saw to their dismay that superstition was much stronger in them than reason. They early adopted the practice of excluding from the sacraments, and particularly of refusing to admit among their catechumens all those who would not renounce their belief in "medicine;" and they soon perceived that by doing so they effectually closed the door of Christianity against the great majority of this infatuated people. This difficulty in the way of proselytism remained for a long time proof against all their efforts; and it was only after some of the Algonc tribes were converted gradually, each individual Indian becoming a conquest of religion by some extraordinary means or other, that the diabolical attraction of the medicine ceased to be felt among them.

II. *The Hurons*.—All the influences enumerated as affecting the Algonquins were also strongly felt by the agriculturists and trading tribes established on the eastern coast of Lake Huron. The effect was in some cases intensified, in others diminished; and this is now to be considered.

As soon as the Jesuit missionaries became acquainted with the Hurons, they turned their eyes instinctively toward them, because they considered them more fit and better prepared to listen to the Christian message than any of the tribes they met with at their first landing. The main difficulty they encountered from the Algonc nations came from their roving propensity and disintegrated social state. They were afraid of never being able to convert altogether so many different groups of Indians in which every individual was to be addressed apart from the



others; and the education of the children, on whom they founded their greatest hope for the formation of the future Church in North America, was well-nigh impossible in the scattered state of the people. They saw that the rising generation would continue to have all the habits of their parents, and they concluded from it the impossibility of ever forming real congregations of Christians on the model of the *Reductions* of South America.

Among the Hurons alone they seemed to have a chance. Large agglomerations of men given to the cultivation of the soil and to commerce on a great scale, offered undoubtedly elements of success to the modern apostles. It would be easy to procure boys and girls among them, and to bring them up in seminaries, out of which Christian villages would spring up in course of time. All this was, nevertheless, only a fine dream, which soon vanished into smoke. It is curious to see in the *Jesuit Relations* how these great hopes, so bright and cheering at the outset, gradually dwindled away and ended in disappointment. The chapters headed, *Du Séminaire des Hurons*, offer on that account a peculiar interest, and are calculated to give a better insight into the social state of these barbarians. The plan undertaken at first with such pleasant prospects ends at last with the desponding remark: That the wretched training of the children from their very babyhood is so irremediable, that, after all, the best is to convert the parents first, who after they become Christians will be induced to bring up their family in the fear and the love of God.

It remains for us to examine, though very briefly, how far the formidable obstacles to the conversion of the Algonquins were modified or intensified in the case of the Hurons. There can be no doubt that the last named influence for evil, jugglery, magic, incantation, or *medicine*, on the shores of Lake Huron, far more than elsewhere, opposed the introduction of Christianity among the red Indians. The minute details contained in many chapters of the *Relations* for 1636—1639, cannot leave the least doubt of this in the mind of the reader. The quotations which could be made here would be altogether inadequate to give an idea of it. The impression they would convey would be necessarily weak and unsatisfactory. It is only after reading all that the Fathers wrote to their friends in Europe, that a real conception of the case can be formed. And to speak only of the point of comparison between the Hurons and the

Algonquins, no one can possibly deny that the more civilized tribes of that savage country were groaning under a more appalling load of superstition and devilry, and were much more addicted to the baneful mysteries of the medicine lodge than the Algic race.

As to the apparent incapacity of the Indian mind among these last tribes to rise above the physical and daily needs of the body, and to aspire in any way to a superior world, it was perhaps more thorough still among the Hurons. A word only on this interesting subject, can be said here. The superior civilization of these Indians, instead of making them more fit to understand spiritual things, wedded them to the earth and to earthly things more closely and irremediably if possible. The reason of this is that their superior civilization, as it has been called, was still confined entirely to this world, and their range of ideas though enlarged was not exalted. Their power of reasoning was indeed greater, but every one is aware that a materialist who makes profession of using logic is less apt to admit the supernatural than a poor simple pagan scarcely able to reflect, and almost reduced to animal instincts alone.

This thought is forced upon one who reads the letters of the Jesuits on the Hurons before their conversion. Those cunning barbarians often went so far as to turn positive hypocrites when it suited their material interests. They had frequently heard the Fathers speak of God, of the soul, of sin and its punishment, of virtue and its reward, and by consequence of moral duty. When they were in a mood of candour, they said with simplicity, that this was mere dreaming in their estimation. They asserted with truth that they could not understand a word of it. They concluded that after all it was not surprising. They were not the same kind of men that the Fathers were. What was true for Europeans could not be true for them. They considered, therefore, all the moral instructions as only wearisome. They went much further. As the teaching of the missionaries was opposed to their medicine lodge to which they were strongly attached; as, besides, a plague spread among them in 1637, and they imagined that the Fathers were the cause of it, they plotted their death, wishing ardently to free themselves from their presence.

Suddenly, however, they reflected that if they killed them, the French would come to avenge this massacre of the holy men. Not only their country would be ravaged by war, but

they would be for ever deprived of the French trade in furs, which had grown to be of extreme importance to them. They changed in consequence their whole plan of conduct. Not only they would not kill the Fathers, but they would appear more friendly than they had ever been. Instead of saying that the Christian doctrine was unintelligible and not made for them; they would declare themselves ready to admit it at once. They would in a general council of the nation accept all the conditions proposed to them by the missionaries, which they had steadily refused several times before. Forming in a long procession, headed by their instructors, they would go to their chapel, proclaim that they consented to everything as the Fathers wished, and profess their firm belief in all the doctrines of Christianity. The Algonquins would certainly never have been guilty of such a thorough hypocrisy as this.

After one example like this of deep dyed deception, it would be useless to detail the other obstacles that stood in the way of the conversion of the Hurons. With regard to the third group of Indian tribes, a word only must suffice in conclusion.

III. *The Iroquois*.—In the course of the narrative of the missions, the apparently insurmountable difficulties which stood in the way of the Christianization of these last tribes, will be brought out clearly. There is room to speak here only of the chief one, namely, their cruel and barbarous warfare. The Christian feeling has for us deprived war of its most repulsive horrors. It often assumes, on the contrary, a brilliant and attractive aspect. With justice the chivalrous soldier of our modern armies is considered as the paragon of honour, and his aim the goal of glory. Religion, particularly in the middle ages, has thrown over him a gloss of sacredness by declaring him the protector of the weak, the defender of holy Church, the avenger of wrong, the champion of right. How different war is with us from the ghastly monster that stalked in pagan times over the corpses of the dead, the wilderness of devastated kingdoms, and the ruins of the most magnificent piles and gorgeous monuments! The shocking destruction which accompanied the barbarous Iroquois had not even that awful grandeur of former heathen conquests. It was only hideous and squalid. The tortures they inflicted on their prisoners are too loathsome to be recounted in detail. This cruelty appeared to proceed from a totally depraved nature which realized, at least for once, the picture of humanity as described and believed in by Calvin.

How could the mild doctrine of Christianity be preached to those human monsters with any hope of conquering them and inducing them to fall prostrate at the foot of the Cross? Still this was done for a large number of them.

These few words on the main obstacles which opposed the zeal of the Christian missionaries in North America will at least enable the reader to appreciate more correctly the difficulty of the task they had undertaken and the surprising greatness of the success they met with. This will appear in the short sketch reserved for the following papers.

A. J. T.

## Catholic Review.

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### I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

#### 1. *Twelve Lectures on Ritualism.* By Father Gallwey, S.J.

SEVEN of Father Gallwey's *Twelve Lectures on Ritualism* having appeared in print it begins to be possible to speak of them in their consecutive argument. It is in the first place necessary to remember that though there was no desire to withdraw them from the criticism of those whose notions of ecclesiastical communion they are intended to refute, still they were not, and are not, addressed to Ritualists. They were preached as an answer to the question: What ought Catholics to think of Ritualism?

The answer to this question may be said to be given in two "distinctions:" *First*, there are Ritualists and Ritualists: the small minority of those who wish that they could see their way to communion with Rome, and the large majority bitterly hostile to Rome and rejecting every thought of submission to her. *Secondly*, there are Ritualists and Ritualists: the shepherds and the sheep, those who make assertions and those who accept as Gospel truth the assertions which are made, those who take upon themselves to command under anathema, and those who dare not disobey these unauthorized commands.

The line of treatment adopted by the reverend lecturer will certainly not commend itself to the leaders of the Ritualistic movement, for throughout these lectures he teaches Catholics that it is a duty of the charity which they owe to their misguided Anglican friends to help them to detect the falseness of pretensions to which they are too ready to yield a blind and infatuated obedience. Again and again Father Gallwey returns to the charge. He does so with good reason; for if it be true (as Catholics, to whom alone he is speaking, know it is true) that submission to the Pope is a condition without which men cannot, *except by invincible ignorance*, be members of the Church of Christ, and if it be true in the very nature of things that no man who refuses to inquire can plead invincible ignorance, how can the truth of God be more directly impugned than by those who, while they teach that submission to the Pope is to be refused at all costs and hazards, sedulously strive to keep their pupils from all independent inquiry? Catholics know as a part of their faith in the living Church that the

Ritualist leaders are blind men leading the blind. The question in these lectures is not whether Ritualists are conscious or not of their own blindness, but what Catholics who are not blind ought to think and say and do when they see their friends and neighbours being led through darkness into darkness.

It is, then, a great charity to others, as well as most improving to our own souls, to acquire a correct knowledge of the doctrines taught by the Church, that in the hour of need we may be able to instruct our brethren "unto justice."

With this view I propose, brethren, to put before you in these lectures some of the arguments and theories which we hear advanced by Ritualists in conversation, in order to suggest, as well as I can, a convenient answer to them. But as I have said that we ought to pray earnestly that God may bless and help forward whatever there is of good and generous in the Ritualistic movement, some one might start a previous question by asking what then are we to think of this movement? Is it inspired by Heaven? Is it working good? Or is it only one of the ever-changing phases of heresy and schism to which even the mild and charitable St. John forbids us to say, "God speed." This is, I think, my brethren, a question which cannot be answered by a monosyllable, for we must make a distinction between Ritualists and Ritualists. This movement has, like so many other things, its two sides, one bright and one dark.<sup>1</sup>

The prophets of Ritualism may or may not be honest, they may be zealous men with good intentions, or they may be partly conscious that their opposition to the Church is not a Divine instigation, but a great deal of their influence depends upon their personal reputation. Father Gallwey is content at first to suggest that all are not saints who pass for such, and then leaving it quite an open question whether "Father Cuthbert" is as holy as his admirers think, or perhaps after all not quite disinterested in his zeal for souls, he goes forward to a deeper thought and a fuller solution. Individual holiness may stand for an argument to those who allow themselves to be guided by their feelings, but for men who can use their reason it has no weight whatever in the present discussion. The question is not whether the preacher believes what he says, but whether what he says is true. If he is infallible, there we may stop. But though he acts on every occasion as if he knew himself to be infallible, he has never yet quite ventured to assert his prerogative in definite terms, and therefore it must be lawful to doubt its plenitude. Even his most fervent followers ought to admit that it is possible that he may be wrong. Well, is he wrong?

"Father Cuthbert is so good a man that we feel quite safe in following him. God will not permit him to go astray, and he will certainly not deceive us; and Father Bede, his curate, is just such another." One thing that makes it hard to deal with an argument of this kind is that naturally no one likes to call in question the fact alleged.<sup>2</sup>

Here we must be permitted to quote at some length.

No doubt, as I have already observed, a zealous Anglican would exclaim, "Our case is perfectly different from this. We have clergymen

<sup>1</sup> Lecture i., pp. 6, 7.

<sup>2</sup> Lecture ii. p. 39.



who not only have the appearance of godliness, but who beyond all doubt are good men." But here again they are only saying what men and women of every sect have said. Each sect flatters itself that its own case stands out in striking contrast with all the other religions on the face of the earth; that while all the others are duped by false prophets who "have the appearance indeed of godliness, but in reality deny its power;" they—the chosen people, the elect—are blessed with true shepherds wholly different from these hirelings. Consequently, if an Anglican is justified in remaining in the Anglican schism and heresy, because he considers the clergy of the church which he frequents to be good men, I cannot see why the Unitarians, Baptists, and Presbyterians, and others, are not always safe in their sects, since they too can point to clergymen of their denomination who, in their estimation, and in the common estimation of men, are good and pious.

A Ritualistic friend might, however, put in this rejoinder, that these Dissenting ministers may be good according to their lights, but that after all there are higher standards of holiness than can be used in their case; and that we cannot measure goodness by the common estimation of men, seeing that men's notion of holiness is oftentimes very debased. Average men, for instance, may care nothing at all for sacraments, for rubrics, or for the proper solemnization of Divine service, and so of many other matters which are held in the highest esteem by men of more enlightened conscience. St. John the Baptist, they would argue, evidently did not expect any very high perfection from publicans and soldiers, since to them his inculcation was confined to these points, "Do not exact more taxes than are enjoined; do violence to no man; calumniate no man, and be content with your pay." Dissenting ministers may therefore be good men according to their lights, but "surely they are immeasurably behind our Anglo-Catholic clergymen."

Well, brethren, to this rejoinder I can only answer, as I said before, that God alone is the Searcher of hearts, and can gauge correctly the righteousness and holiness which lie stored up in the soul of each one. But if once we begin to bring the goodness of different sects to be weighed in the scales of the sanctuary, there is reason to fear that even the holiness of Ritualistic clergymen may be found wanting. Why do I venture to say so, brethren? I shall give the explanation more fully in my next lecture. For can a clergyman be held to be completely and in all points a man according to God's own heart, how can his goodness and holiness be admitted as thoroughly genuine and true, according to the standard of our Lord, so long as he is leading away the people from Christ's Church? He may be in ignorance, and therefore excusable—just as the Dissenting minister may be excused for his want of knowledge; but if want of knowledge exempts from guilt, still it at the same time brings down a man's goodness and holiness to a lower level. A man that sins in ignorance will, as our Lord tells us, receive fewer stripes; but if, even with some excuse from ignorance, he shall "break one of these least commandments and shall so teach men, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven," that is to say, he will not be on the same level of sanctity with one to whom, as to St. Peter, a fuller revelation has been made and a more ample grace given, the grace of understanding the whole law and fulfilling all its obligations. It is only on the ground of ignorance and inadvertence and consequent good faith that Ritualistic clergymen can escape condemnation; for certainly, if judged by their deeds, they belong to the category of those who are breaking not only one of the least commandments, but the most essential commandment of all—I mean obedience to Christ's living Church, and they are teaching their own disobedience to men.

And here I must remind you that when forming comparisons between the holiness of Ritualists and that of Dissenters, we must bear in mind that a love for ceremonial and Church music and Church services may exist without being inspired by Heaven; and flesh and blood, or, as I said in my last lecture, even the spirits of darkness can for their own purposes encourage such tastes.

And now I will pass on to another reflection upon this argument of the Ritualists which I am considering: "Our guides are good men, therefore we are safe." I have said, Be it so: that is, let us agree that they are good men, in the ordinary sense of the word, that is, men who commonly pass for good according to the judgment of mankind. I did not mean to admit that the Ritualistic clergymen are men who could take their place beside St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Vincent of Paul, St. Philip Neri, or St. Francis Xavier, or that we should find in their sisterhoods a St. Teresa or a St. Clare. As far as I have been able to learn, the Ritualists do not claim for their pastors this extraordinary and heroic holiness of the saints, but merely contend they are good, earnest, and zealous clergymen. Now, therefore, let me go further than they do, and assume for a moment that their clergymen are not only, as far as the eye can judge, good men, but that they are men apparently fit for canonization. Let me suppose that the state of the Ritualistic churches has been apparently raised to a much higher level than they have as yet reached, so that now the ecclesiastical journals which are organs of this party have not unfrequently to record a miraculous cure worked this week by Father Cuthbert and by Father Bede the next. Let me further suppose that on some high festival in one of their well-thronged churches the figure of St. Michael is seen over the communion-table or altar, and St. Raphael over the confessional, and that during the sermon a halo of light surrounds the preacher, and that his figure and features become changed, so that the audience recognize the unmistakable image of St. Paul. Now, brethren, imagine as well as you can the sensation which such miraculous manifestations would naturally produce among the Ritualistic body. Their journalists would certainly break out into triumphant paragraphs, asking what now becomes of Romanist invectives against their Orders and their sacraments. But even in such a case we should pause before we hurry to conclusions. We must appeal from the figure of St. Paul in the pulpit, on whose authenticity Holy Church has not pronounced, to the written teaching of St. Paul, on which Holy Church has set her seal. Happily he has treated of the very case before us, for he has written: "Though we or an angel from Heaven preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema!" How! Blessed Apostle!—men might exclaim; not follow the teaching of one who is like your second self, when we actually see his face glorified and made like to yours? "A faithful saying," St. Paul would answer, "and worthy of all acceptance." Mark well my words: "If we or an angel from Heaven bring a new gospel"—whoever your apostles may be, if they come to you with Antichrist's spirit of heresy, choosing out of Christ's Gospel fragments which please them and rejecting what does not suit their purpose, and thus producing a new gospel of their own devising—"let them be anathema!" But, Blessed Apostle, Father Bede is so holy, such a truly good man! No, brethren, this argument will not go down with St. Paul. You can see from his first letter to the Corinthians what he thought of it. For he discovered in the very beginning of the Church how the devil was preparing mischief by inclining the Christians to attach themselves unduly to this leader or that leader; and he well knew that this worship of men would soon lead to results almost as disastrous and debasing as those produced by the ancient idolatry. For it matters little whether one's idol is a man or a helpless image, so long as the idol takes the place of God. Now St. Paul foresaw that if the Corinthians became thus bewitched by a man, they would be ready to follow that man into heresy of every kind as soon as his head was turned by their worship of him; and therefore, without mentioning the names of these dangerous leaders who were captivating them, he transfers, as he tells us, by a figure, the blame to himself and Apollo, and then earnestly expostulates with their dupes: "This I say, that every one of you saith—I, indeed, am of Paul, and I of Apollo, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." "Is Christ then divided?" he asks. "Was Paul then crucified for you, or were you baptized in the name of Paul?" O my brethren, if these words were well weighed, and the doctrine contained in them properly understood, we should soon have an end of all religions and sects and creeds which are founded on the personal qualities of popular leaders. . . .

I dwell on this point, dear brethren, because I think it of very great moment that you should make it clear to your Anglican friends how they are continually in danger of accepting one gifted clergyman, one nice, amiable, and earnest man in place of the glorious Bride of Christ, the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, with her white-robed army of Martyrs, her spotless Virgins following the Lamb, her grave and inspired Doctors, her countless host of holy Confessors, bishops, priests, monks, hermits, and laymen; yes, and more than all this, her teaching, her Gospel, and the whispering of the Holy Spirit which she hears and communicates. Is all this treasure to be bartered for the amiable qualities and the godly mien of Father Cuthbert?

In saying this, I do not wish to imply that Father Cuthbert is a wicked impostor who is knowingly and maliciously misleading his people. He may undoubtedly be acting in good faith. Inadvertence or ignorance may, as I have said, exculpate him. Otherwise, were this not so, the man who, knowing how silly men and women are ever ready to be led away like sheep, takes advantage of this misery and offers himself to be their idol, ought to do much penance before his little day is run out. For he is the man of whom our Saviour spoke when He said, "It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea, than that he should scandalize one of these little ones."

St. Paul's idea, then, of the priesthood was not that they should be amiable men teaching each a gospel of his own, but rather that idea which the Holy Ghost sets before us by the mouth of the Prophet Malachi: "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth." The Christian priest is to be not a leader followed for the sake of his personal qualities; he is one of the appointed body of apostles, who has a commission, and who, through communion with the Vicar of Christ, partakes in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and therefore is to be trusted. He is a nameless man and has no followers. Consequently, brethren, though it is always a terrible calamity when a priest of God's Church scandalizes his flock by leading a life unworthy of his vocation, yet if it were unhappily necessary to choose between two evils, I am not afraid to say that an unfortunate priest who has been known occasionally to sin by intemperance or dishonesty or immorality, so long as he faithfully hands down sound doctrine, is not by any means so terrible a scourge as a refined clergyman who has an appearance of godliness, but day after day not only teaches false doctrine, but utterly saps and destroys faith by teaching the very principle and essence of heresy, that is to say, by teaching the flock who trust him the fatal sin of choosing out for themselves such doctrines as please them, and rejecting others not convenient. Priest and people thus remain for ever under the withering condemnation of St. Paul, they are "ever learning and never attaining to the knowledge of truth."

This would be enough for the main argument, but Father Gallwey in his anxiety to defend Ritualism "taught" from Ritualism "teaching" turns back upon the earlier and, doctrinally, less important consideration, and devotes his third lecture to an investigation of the reality which underlies the very mischievously influential reputation of personal sanctity which the leaders of the Ritualistic movement, if they are wise in their generation, will do all in their power to encourage, because to feminine followers it serves to prove without more ado the goodness of their cause, and is considered to give them the right to exercise a more than Pontifical authority. Upon this point it is impossible to make an extract without giving a very unfair impression. The conclusions arrived at are sufficiently startling, but they are built up gradually. There is no unkindness in pointing out the fearful danger of a false position, which it is much easier to adopt in the first instance

than to forego afterwards. One who has for some years played the Pope to a silent circle of deeply submissive votaries, cannot without great aggrieving of flesh and blood descend from his *Cathedra*. He can hold nearly all Catholic doctrine, he can utter the words of consecration and absolution; he can wear vestments and call himself a priest, but always on one condition, that he steadily refuse obedience to the Holy Father. If he once gives way upon this point, it is worse for him in this world than if he gave up all the rest of the Reformation protest. If once he acknowledges the Supremacy of the Pope, he may retire from the pulpit, lay aside his priestly garments and his priestly functions, and be a mere layman once again, for the Pope refuses to consider him ordained. The temptation to close his heart to that particular light of faith which shows that Catholics must be children of the Pope is so terribly strong, and human nature so weak, that it may well be that he will shrink back terrified. To admit all revealed doctrines except the one which ruins worldly prospects will avail nothing. Father Gallwey does well to point out the peculiar difficulties which interfere with the acceptance of the dogma of the Pope's Supremacy. Where every earthly interest recommends a certain line of action it seems less necessary to suppose that those who take that line of action are on that account men of peculiar personal sanctity.

The next step in the argument of the lectures is to show that the repugnance of flesh and blood is the only reason of the unanimous rejection of the dogma of the Papal Supremacy. It is at least as clear from Scripture and the Fathers and the history of the Church as any other dogma now eagerly accepted by Ritualists. That the Supremacy of the Pope was established by our Lord for all ages of the Church, that in all ages of the Church it has been recognized, and in the early Church quite as categorically and emphatically as by Catholics now is the contention in the remaining numbers of the lectures hitherto published. The quotations from St. Leo's letters in the seventh lecture are quite unanswerable except by saying that St. Leo was wrong; but it is prudent to think twice before making that answer.

The fact is that the patristic learning of Ritualists is not very profound. So we are told in an earlier lecture:

But you must remember that the Anglican movement is no longer in the same phase as when its leaders were gathered together at Oxford, immersed in study. The present leaders are not University professors or students, but active parochial and missionary clergymen, more taken up with the living generation of men and women than with the writings of other ages, and accordingly arguments drawn from daily experience are at present probably quite as much current as those taken from ecclesiastical lore.<sup>3</sup>

This is one of the best excuses, perhaps, that can be made for much reckless tyrannizing over consciences: *They know not what they are doing*; but it is certainly no violation of Christian charity to endeavour, as Father Gallwey has done, to overthrow false pretensions, very hurtful to those in whose regard they are put forth, but far more terrible in

<sup>3</sup> Lecture ii. p. 29.

their consequence to those who assert them. *They prophesy in my name whom I did not send.*<sup>1</sup>

And now, in the last place, brethren, does it not seem a marvel to you that men such as the Ritualistic clergy are said to be—men who wish to be honest and sincere—should week after week assure their followers, nay, and even at the bed-side of the dying man, solemnly maintain that they are teaching the exact doctrine of the early Church? If they are honest and conscientious men, are they not strictly bound before they preach such an assertion to their ignorant people, to compare their doctrine with such documents of the early Fathers as I have been placing before you to-day? A witness before he takes his oath in a court of justice, surely ought to reflect on what he is going to testify on oath. For if he swears, and then speaks at random, it may go ill with him both here and hereafter. Well, it is no doubt quite true that a clergyman does not before he preaches take an oath to speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth to his people; but still, is there no bargain between priest and people? Is there no compact between the priest and his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ? Is the priest, on whose lips the people depend for the words of eternal life, less bound than the witness to preach the whole truth and nothing but the truth? How then, I ask, with the writings of St. Leo and so many other Fathers within reach, how have they the courage—how have they the daring—to assure their anxious followers, to assure the agonizing soul preparing for the Judgment, that Ritualism is identical with the doctrine of the early Church? Alas, brethren, what bitter need there is that with all our hearts we repeat again and again the cry of the Church: "Holy Mary, succour the miserable, help the faint-hearted, pray for the people, intercede for the clergy."

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2. *Medical Women: a Statement and an Argument.* By Charles West, M.D.  
London: Churchill, 1878.

Dr. West examines dispassionately and forcibly, although not quite exhaustively, the question of the employment of women as physicians and surgeons, taking his departure from a decision of the Royal College of Physicians.

On March 18th, the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians having been specially summoned to consider "whether under any circumstances the College would be prepared to grant their licence to practise physic to women," resolved by a majority of sixty-eight to sixteen that "the Royal College of Physicians do steadily adhere to the terms of their charter, and do not grant their licence to practise physic to women."

Of the advocates of a female doctorate some take their stand on the sublime negation of any difference in the pursuits open in the social order to men and women. Dr. West, near the close of his investigation (p. 27), gives a well-deserved rebuke to these gentlemen and ladies who quarrel with human nature as it is.

The creation of male and female would seem to have been a mistake, to be rectified as far as may be, though certain unlucky physiological laws prevent the complete success of the endeavour.

More frequently the advocates of the right of women to qualify themselves as surgeons are content to appeal to the far lower motive of general usefulness, and of these some take up the cause of the patient and some of the practitioner. It is said in the one view that

<sup>1</sup> Jerem. xiv. 15.



women will be rescued from frivolity and *ennui* and poverty by the permission to enter upon an honourable and benevolent and remunerative course of public service. It is said on the other hand that it is only a reasonable concession to a sensitiveness which is worthy of praise to make it possible for women to consult women in more delicate cases. In both these views, divested of all exaggeration, there is a portion of truth and justice, but the entire question in the end is narrowed down to one point: Does the good in the proposed reform outweigh the evil? "Is it worth while to make the change?"

It could be wished that Dr. West had not confined his discussion of the theoretical question to the two extremes, as if no resting place were possible between *all* and *none*. He has made it abundantly clear to common sense no less than Christian feeling that women cannot be and must not be admitted to unrestricted medical practice or to full and free right of attendance in the lecture-hall and dissecting-room, but he has not been equally careful to examine whether there might not be some really high medical education placed within the reach of ladies who have the will to devote themselves to the service of the suffering and are capable of higher intellectual work than is involved in skilful nursing. That which is a hopeless absurdity and an immoral subversion of natural order, when proposed as one of the Rights of Women, might be, if practically difficult, still theoretically admirable, when confined to certain persons and certain modes of operation.

It is argued well that in cases of greater difficulty recourse would necessarily be had to the more competent doctor, and women certainly could not compete with men unless their medical education had been universal and profound. This alone is quite enough to establish the greater points of contention.

A midwife must be one of two things: either a perfectly skilled doctor, able to cope with emergencies of the most sudden occurrence and formidable nature, in which life hangs on the exercise of prompt decision and great dexterity, or she must be a nurse who to the ordinary knowledge of her occupation superadds that of how to manage women in a natural confinement. She must also be possessed of knowledge which will enable her to tell when deviation from what is natural takes place, and when consequently she ought to send for the help of some one more skilful than herself, and how she ought to act while waiting for such help to come.

It is not easy in our narrow limits to do justice to Dr. West's able treatment of his subject. He has shown, we think, that it is true, and will remain true to the end, as a thing belonging to human nature, that female patients will not have full confidence in medical women, and that it is much to be desired for the sake of womankind that medical women may never become numerous.

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3. *Camp Life and Sport in South Africa.* By Thomas J. Lucas, late Capt. C. M. Rifles. Chapman and Hall, London.

Experiences of Kaffir warfare are by no means without interest at this particular moment, when our colony has just had another brush



with the natives. Though Mr. Lucas' book presents to us rather the recollections of former campaigns with the Cape Mounted Rifle Corps than the account of any recent events which have occurred in the Cape Colony, we have no doubt his descriptions are as truthful in regard of the late fighting as they were of the previous Kaffir war. The spirit and military tactics of the native tribes seem but little changed, and their bravery, perseverance, and skill as skirmishers, combined with the strength and energy of their bodily physique, are still able to give us a good deal of trouble and to cost us some valuable lives. Mr. Lucas writes in a bright and pleasant style, and his pages are unusually full of amusing incidents and anecdotes illustrating camp life. "The Kaffir has a strong objection to expose himself in the open plains, preferring to remain, spiderlike, in his web, waiting till his foe shall become entangled in some position sufficiently difficult to allow him to commence his attack with every advantage in his favour. Should he find himself hard pressed, he retreats from bush to bush with marvellous dexterity, delivering his fire and then sinking, as it were, into the very earth, without offering any visible point of attack. And this, too, in ground where a hare or a partridge could alone apparently find cover. . . . How adroitly he springs up when your bullet has whizzed harmlessly over his head, and with what deliberation he takes aim in return." At any moment do our troops find themselves tracked out and surrounded, or the whole neighbourhood alive with these crafty skirmishers, and while now a man, now an officer is unerringly picked out, volley after volley is returned at random into the bushes at an unseen foe. It is this guerilla mode of warfare which is so unsatisfactory in its results, and of itself seems so ineffectual in bringing our repeated contests with the natives to an end.

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4. *The Christian Life and Virtues.* By Mgr. Charles Gay, Coadjutor to the Bishop of Poitiers. Translated by the Right Rev. Abbot Burder. Burns and Oates, London.

The plan of this Spiritual Work, of which we have here the first volume, embraces, first, a treatise on the Christian life, as it is in itself and as it is in us, and then after this introduction it goes on to dwell at greater length on the religious state. This second subject it divides into sections, in which are treated in due order the doctrine of vocation, the nature and duties of the religious state, and then its various fruits. The third and fourth divisions explain faith and the fear of God's chastisements, of sin, and of God Himself. Christian hope and humility are reserved for two other divisions. The name and high reputation of Mgr. Gay were enough to secure that these subjects would be soundly, fully, and clearly set forth by him; but the highest testimony to the usefulness of this work, which has reached its sixth edition in the original language, is contained in the eulogium passed on it by the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX.

5. *The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.* With a preliminary inquiry into the authority of the traditional history of the Saint. By William Bullen Morris, Priest of the Oratory. London: Burns and Oates, 1878.

Father Morris has given us what was certainly much wanted—a short and compact history of St. Patrick, such as will at once satisfy the critic and answer the purposes of the more ordinary reader. It is a difficult thing to combine these two qualities, for the critic will like to be informed of the sources of the narrative, and even occasionally to have certain questions discussed on which the devout reader will not care to linger. The most beautiful book which has of late been written about the Apostle of Ireland is, to our mind, Mr. Aubrey de Vere's *Legends of St. Patrick*, and if all the world could appreciate poetry as it deserves, there would hardly be room for another. But Father Morris has done well to go over the same ground in simple prose. He has made it a special object to bring out, as far as possible, the traits of character which are to be discovered in the current anecdotes of the Saint. Without entering on one or two critical points as to which we might perhaps be inclined not to go along with the author, we sincerely congratulate the English Catholic world on the possession of so thoroughly good and satisfactory a Life of one of the most wonderful saints of God.

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6. *Bible History.* By the Rev. Joseph Reeve. New edition edited and revised with copious notes by Rev. W. J. Walsh, D.D. Dublin: Gill and Son, 1878.

Reeve's *History of the Bible* is too well known to need many words of commendation. The present edition is not a simple reprint. The editor has corrected and enlarged the former text, freely and fearlessly, for, as he explains, the work as it was previously known to English readers was not composed by the Rev. Joseph Reeve, but was an adaptation from a French history, the joint work of several authors. The value of the work is greatly increased by the judicious alterations and additions of the learned editor.

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7. *Emmanuel; a Book of Eucharistic Verses.* By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1878.

Father Russell has reprinted in this little book many fugitive pieces as pretty as they are pious, a graceful tribute to the Blessed Sacrament. An appendix contains a few contributions from brother-poets.

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8. *Epitaphs of the Catacombs.* By the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D. London: Longmans, Green and Co.

This volume presents, in a separate publication for the benefit of the possessors of the first edition of the *Roma Sotteranea*, a history of Roman inscriptions which is destined to be incorporated in the forthcoming second edition of that admirable work.

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